

## AIRPLANE FLIES! -- LEAVES MANAGER, BATTLES RCA



JUMPING JIMI — SEE PAGE 11

### Group Follows Beatles Lead: Run Own Show

SAN FRANCISCO

The Jefferson Airplane have "divorced" themselves from the personal management of Fillmore Auditorium manager Bill Graham on February 6, following the lead of the Beatles, Grateful Dead, and Quicksilver Messenger Service. Each of these groups has taken its business affairs into its own hands on a strictly cooperative basis.

Bill Thompson, long the Airplane's road manager and now their spokesman (like Rock Scully and Danny Rifkin of the Dead, he is an integral part of the group and not an autonomous individual with his own, possibly conflicting, interests) was reticent about discussing the break with Graham but definite about the band's independence. "We might get other management," he said, "then again, the Earth might split open."

Like the other two San Francisco outfits, the first venture to interest Jefferson Airplane has been, naturally, a rock and roll show. The Great Northwest Tour undertaken by the Dead, Quicksilver and Jerry Abrams' Headlights—it was actually organized and promoted by Rifkin, Scully, Ron Rakow and attorney Brian Rohan—was a huge success, not so much financially, although it did end up in the black, as in showing that an independent group-based operation could do everything the show business professionals could do, do it (musically) better and have a good time doing it.

Even Rock Scully, who blithely remarked, "We knew all along we could do it . . . only before we were too busy scuffling and recording," was amazed at the way the tour, with the aid of a few well-placed posters and a phone call to the editor of the local and/or college newspaper, could create as much excitement in a Washington or Oregon college town as they would have caused by riding through its streets in the back of a circus wagon, plugged into a mobile generator and playing at full amplification.

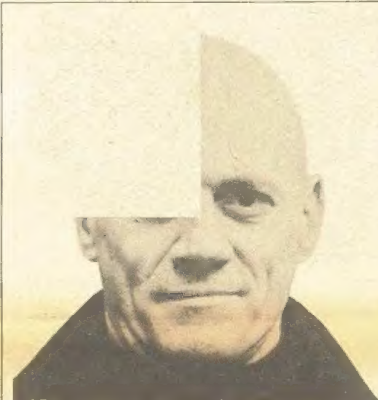
"We walk into an empty hall," he said, "at 3:30—the show's at 8—by the time it starts we've transformed that place into a scene that would rival the Fillmore or the Avalon at their very best. They (the audience) were running into the place."

What struck everyone connected with the tour was the fact that the shows came off better—music, lights, communication between performers and audience—than similar productions with the identical musicians produced by outsiders. "There were 30 of us making a creative effort. After all, it was our thing," Rock said.

Continued on Page 14



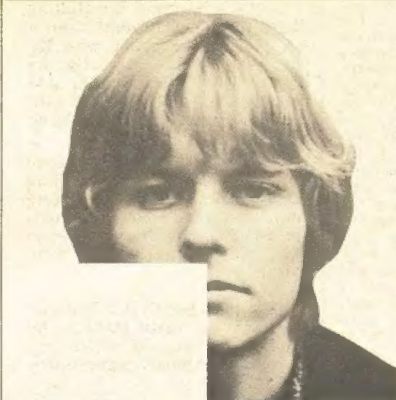
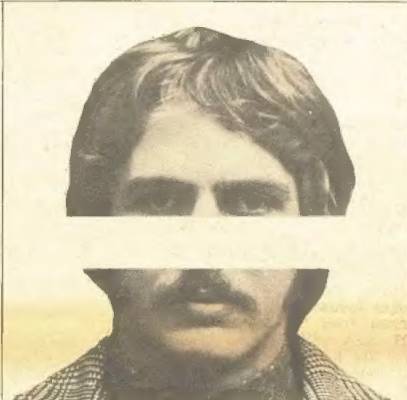
**This is  
Ed Cassidy.**  
Drummer.  
He hears  
tomorrow  
and he plays  
it now.



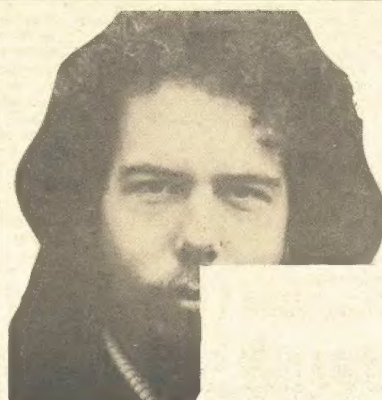
**And  
Randy California.**  
Lead guitar.  
His guitar is  
everything.  
Everything is  
everything.



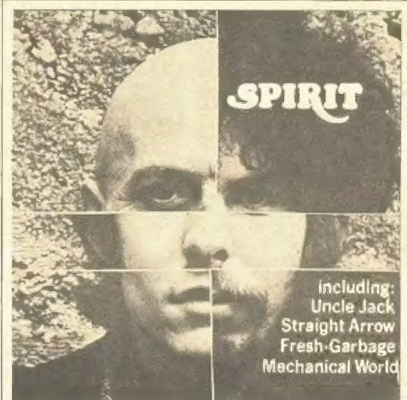
**And  
Jay Ferguson.**  
Singer.  
Writer.  
Arranger.  
Fountain.  
Taurus.



**And  
Mark Christopher  
Andes.**  
Singer.  
Bassist.  
The strings are his  
nerve endings.




**And  
John Locke.**  
Pianist.  
A name out of  
history.  
A name for the  
future.



**Call Him Spirit.**  
Five musicians came together for a  
single purpose: to blow the sum of  
man's musical experience apart and  
bring it together again in more universal  
forms. They became a musical being:  
Spirit. It happens in the first album.

Produced by Lou Adler.

Spirit is on  Ode Records.



**In this issue:**

Flashes .....	4
Charlatans .....	4
Albert King .....	6
Maharishi .....	8
Ralph J. Gleason .....	10
Jimi Hendrix .....	12
Jann Wenner .....	14
Ravi Shankar Interview .....	15
The Other Arts .....	18
Records .....	20
Free Classified .....	22
How to Subscribe .....	23

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Write us a letter indicating whether you are an individual newsstand/bookstore or a wholesale distributor and advise us of the number of copies you wish to take each issue. We'll do the rest: David Kane, Circulation, Rolling Stone, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

**CORRESPONDENCE:****SIRS:**

Your writers, Sue Clark and Al Kooper, misled us when they came as Pennebaker's guests to see rushes of the Monterey Pop Festival Film in that they wrote reviews of a partially completed film long in advance of that film's release. They took advantage of Pennebaker's hospitality by reviewing his work when it was partially done and it is wrong of you to print a review of a film in advance of its release. Your writers misled your readers by making them believe that they were getting the opinion of someone who has actually seen the completed movie.

I hope this letter will also serve as a warning to unsuspecting filmmakers who might be tempted or importuned into screening their films for your writers.

The film will be finished soon and after it is finished it will be released and after it is showing in theatres you can send a reviewer to buy a ticket so he can see a finished movie and write a real review.

DAVID McMULLIN,  
PRESIDENT  
LEACOCK PENNEBAKER INC.

**NO TWO ALIKE****SIRS:**

May Christ forgive you, Gordon Mills. How can you dare to print that asinine ego-trip tripe about J. Wesley Harding is an absolute comedown. You've got a lot of gall!

S. MIKLOSE  
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

**SIRS:**

That piece on Bob Dylan by Gleason is the biggest piece of trash I have ever read. I like Rolling Stone a lot but I can do without condescending crap like that. "We can all relax now" indeed.

D. W. RECORD  
SAN FRANCISCO

**SIRS:**

I think Jon Landau's analysis of the Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request* album was a lot of useless chatter. In all fairness to the Stones, I think it should be pointed out that Mr. Landau is apparently unaware of the meaning to the words in the songs. If he is, many of the "mistakes" he so faithfully reported would have never arisen in his mind in the first place.

As an example, he says: "The quick guitar runs in the middle (of 'Sing This All Together') are brilliant. Unfortunately, no meaningful musical context has been created for them. They lie suspended over some musically irrelevant piano doodling and an absence of directed rhythm." In reply, I say: "Here is some aspect of the record viewed from an ignorant standpoint which, seen with an understanding of the album, is absolutely and without question cohesive with not only the words of the song but with the title itself!"

GEORGE REX DEAN  
SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

**SIRS:**

Except for your first interviews, you seem to be developing into mainly a newsletter of rock. Being interested in where rock has been, where it is going, and what it is doing to everything else, I would like to see you add some interpretation. For instance, I would like a line-by-line analysis of some of Dylan's songs. (I have seen several reviews of his new album which mentioned "I Am a Lonesome Hobo," but not one of them pointed out that it is the story of Cain.)

I am doing some personal research into the Amsterdam Provos, especially their public happenings and protest-jokes. If someone has information on this, they would be doing me a big favor by getting in touch.

DEBORAH FRANKEL  
DAVIS, CALIFORNIA

**Coming Attractions**

In the next issue the Rolling Stone Interview resumes with a long, long conversation with Michael Bloomfield, currently the leader of the Electric Flag and formerly the lead guitarist with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band.

You can also bet your bottom dollar on some blood-curdling record reviews. Don't buy a thing until you read about the new records from Traffic, Jimi Hendrix, Steppenwolf and Blue Cheer.

Be sure to get all this fantastic stuff in your rusty mailbox, by flipping to Page 23 where you can clip our handy subscription coupon.

**SIRS:**

I like: funky, spurt-time, plum, prose, reviews a la Azlant issue number five, the interviews, the pictures, the record reviews and news (gossip and professional). All of the writing, with the exception of Landau, is readable, informative and expansive. Having read Landau's work in *Crawdaddy* and now in *ROLLING STONE* #5, I find him boringly predictable and seriously limited in aesthetics. If he were writing seriously about visual art (my bag) today he'd be laughed out of print or into camp. Get the goods. He sounds like a tight-assed 19th Century academician issuing pompous categorical imperatives. His prose is as stilted as his thinking. The message, then, from one reader is that *ROLLING STONE* is a high but Landau is a bummer.

RICHARD OLSON  
BELOIT, WISCONSIN



## FLASHES:

### Jerry Lee Lewis to Rock Othello in L.A.

Catch *My Soul*, a rhythm and blues version of *Othello*, will open at the Ahmanson Theater in Hollywood on March 5. Turning Shakespeare's tragedy into a musical was the idea of Jack Good, who was Shindig's creator and producer. The play will star Jerry Lee Lewis, of "Great Balls of Fire" fame, as Iago, and William Marshall as Othello. The production will also feature the Blossoms and music by Ray Puhlman.

Good explained that *Othello* "was the most contemporary story Shakespeare ever wrote... the problem of a colored man in a white society and how he adopts to those social problems... and here we are today. The music of the colored man is

rhythm and blues. So why not a rock version?" Good has been working on the idea for the last three years. He expects the show to run on Broadway before the year is out. Earlier musicals based on Shakespeare have included Rodger's and Hart's *Boys From Syracuse* and Cole Porter's *Kiss Me Kate*, which had very successful runs, but this is the first rock treatment of the Bard.

The intention is to follow the script closely. Even the title is taken from a line in the original, "Perdition, catch my soul but I do love thee." Although no assignment has been given for cutting the original score LP, Sonny and Cher, among others, have shown an interest in recording the title tune.

### Australia Proves Hostile to Who

Three English rock and roll groups—The Who, Small Faces and Paul Jones—were thrown off a plane in the middle of their Australian tour. On a flight from Adelaide to Sydney, the airliner landed at Melbourne and the groups were taken off and held for three hours before they were allowed to proceed, accompanied by two security men.

The bands, it was claimed, had "insulted a passenger, drunk

beer and made a hostess cry." But Jones stated that the hostess had served other passengers but ignored the musicians. "The pilot told us to stop swilling beer," he said, "but we did not know there was a law forbidding liquor aboard the plane."

The Who will be appearing in the States later this month, including a three-day stand at the Fillmore Auditorium over the Washington's Birthday weekend.

### Dirty Songs on Georgia's Mind

The Georgia State Legislature has toned down its bill requiring the printing of lyrics on record jackets. A meeting between several record distributors and Representative Edwin Mullinax, the measure's sponsor, produced the change.

Designed to prevent the circulation of obscene songs, the proposal, in its original form, would have made it a felony, punishable by fine or imprisonment, to fail to print the words of all recorded songs on album covers or attached to tape cartridges. Twenty-one other states have asked for and received copies of the original legislation, even though record companies insisted that the bill would make it almost impossible to market records in Georgia.

Mullinax has now agreed to alter the bill so that it reads "a

record company must provide, upon written request from the parent or guardian of any juvenile the lyrics to any specified song within a period of thirty days." Should it pass into law, a first violation will be a misdemeanor, with only a light fine as punishment. The legislator, who doubles as general manager of radio station WLAG in La Grange, Ga., believes that the modifications will make "everybody happy."

Jack Gelbart of L&P Distributors in the state feels that the new bill "is not hard to live with. Though we may have several requests for lyrics at first, I don't anticipate any great number over the long run." He sees the bill becoming a model for adoption by other states and predicts that it will find easy passage in the Georgia Legislature.

### KMPX Jock Fired; KYA Staff Shafted

Drama is becoming the key word to understanding the San Francisco radio scene. Within the last two weeks, KYA, an AM rocker falling way behind in the ratings, has given dismissal notices to two of its key disc jockeys, is expected to relieve two others, has accepted one formal resignation and witnessed the on-the-air "I Quit" of early evening jock Tony Bigg. This action precedes the arrival of a new program director from Miami for the low rated station.

Only two of the staffers remain, Russ the Moose Syracuse and Tommy Saunders, a jock who was hip long before it was hip to be hip. One member of the station's staff said that morale there was "like an oil painting."

On the other frequency, Larry Miller, the announcer who held

down the graveyard shift on KMPX-FM, was fired with no notice after he read a station memorandum on his show the night before. Miller, who had just been noted in the "Rolling Stone Awards" as having the best rock show in the city, had been considering a change, but the sudden dismissal was considered rather abrupt for the "hip image" station.

Miller had received a memo from the station's program director, Tom Donahue, which had been sent in copies to other members of the stations staff. According to Miller, the memo contained a variety of minor complaints which were handled in such a way guaranteed "to put me up tight." Miller says that he has no bone to pick with the station's owners, but that the villain of the piece is Donahue.



## CHARLATANS, START OF IT ALL, NOW IN THE DARK HOLE OF HIP

BY MICHAEL LYDON

While record companies and poster dealers are pouring hundreds of thousands of dollars into San Francisco to capture some of that real, old authentic hip to sell, the Charlatans, the band which many people say started it all, is just where it began: poor, but still cool.

There is something both funny and sad about the Charlatans. They seem a throwback to the first days of the San Francisco scene when the hippies were a few hundred friends and when folksy music, Victoriana, and art nouveau were good time trips.

Everything is tougher, bigger, more stylized, and more publicized now, and the Charlatans seem out of place. "There are so many new kids around," says manager Danny Rifkin of the Grateful Dead, "I bet a lot of them don't know who the Charlatans are."

Everybody knew two years ago. They got together in the spring of 1965 in apartments on Downey ("Upper Downey," says George Hunter) and Pine Streets: artist George Hunter, vocal, and Mike Wilhelm, lead guitar, friends from high school near Los Angeles; Richard Olson, bass, a music student at San Francisco State; Michael Ferguson, piano, owner of the Haight-Ashbury's first hip store, an antique shop called "Magic Theatre for Madmen Only," and drummer and songwriter Dan Hicks, who was studying radio announcing.

That summer the very hip booking agent of the Red Dog Saloon in unlikely Virginia City, Nevada, Chandler Loughlin, found them and took them into the saloon for three months.

"It was a legendary three months in the history of rock and roll," says postermaker Kelley. For the astonished locals and anybody who could make it from San Francisco, the Charlatans created the hippy rock dance, an art form which, much debased, has now circled the globe.

With their boots, wide-brimmed hats, flowing hair, and buttoned vests, the Charlatans

fit right into the Red Dog's old-timey atmosphere. They made their own posters, odd mixtures of Westernized Edwardian and Mad Magazine, and their music was even stranger: what some have called "Gold Rush Rock" or "cowboy rock." Hunter, a tall, long-haired blond, is more dignified in describing it. "Our music showed us as conscious of our American heritage. It was 1920's country-folk music with something done to it."

They came back to the Fall of the What? appearance on Broadway, Dylan's electric show at Newport, *Help*, the first dances of the Family Dog, the Mime Troupe benefits at the Fillmore, the Grateful Dead (then the Warlocks) and the Jefferson Airplane. And right away things went wrong for the Charlatans.

They signed first with MGM, then were shuffled through several companies, ending up with Kama Sutra and Eric Jacobsen, producer of the Lovin' Spoonful. An album was taped and never released; a single, but not the one the group wanted, was released.

So the Charlatans refused to cooperate with Kama Sutra and were finally released from their contract. They would straighten their heads, they told themselves, and try again.

That straightening is still going on. "From the beginning," says Hunter with the formal and slightly vague discretion that is his manner, "quite naturally, the commercial potential of such a venture as a rock band was obvious from the onset."

Potential has not become actual. The group may play weekend dates for a few months and then not play at all for as long. They have signed no new contracts. "I'd say, however, we support ourselves," says Hunter.

No one has left the group, and they are all close friends, but their fights are numerous and frequent. "It's like a marriage with a lot of beating that keeps going," says a friend of theirs. Says the careful Hunter, "A group is essentially the same

—Continued on Page 22

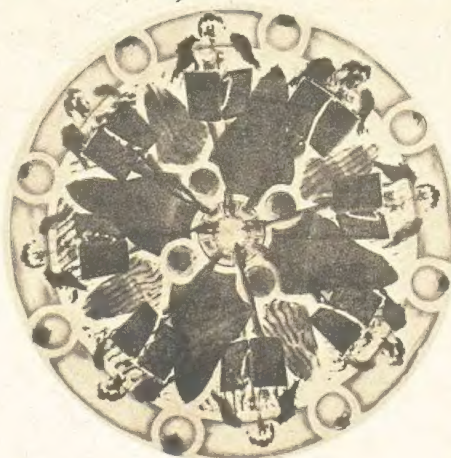




YOU CAN HOLD IT IN YOUR HANDS...BUT...NOT IN YOUR MIND

**CADET  
CONCEPT**

## Rotary Connection



Angelica wet with wine.  
Tears sliding slowly  
up a forehead.  
Plastic heartbeats echoing  
amidst chromium rafters.  
Clarity of desecration.  
Turn yourself on  
with a diamond needle . . .  
travel with us in  
your favorite color.  
**ROTARY CONNECTION**  
from Cadet/Concept  
a slight deviation  
from the norm  
LP/LPS 312  
Single:  
Like a Rolling Stone  
bw Turn Me On  
Cadet/Concept 7000



## FLASHES:

### Phony Hendrix LP in Legal Hot Water

The London High Court has ordered Decca Records in England not to release the controversial Jimi Hendrix-Curtis Knight *Get That Feeling* album. The temporary restraining order was the result of a suit by Warner Brothers/Reprise, to which Hendrix is now under contract.

The suit alleged that Jimi was merely a member of the group backing Knight on the session when the album was cut, but that the record jacket gives the impression that he was the leader

on the date. The British version of the LP is on the London label, distributed by Decca. In the United States it has been issued by Capitol (ROLLING STONE Jan. 20) whose executives have been cynically commercial about the quality of the music on it, but happy about its sales.

Hendrix himself has described the album as "musically worthless... a confetti of tapes hastily thrown together," and says he is in accord with Warner Brothers' efforts to curb its distribution.

### Who's Who Drops Rock Barrier

Eight rock and roll groups (and/or solo performers) have been chosen for the 1968 edition of "Who's Who in America," to be issued in March. Representation is about even for the San Francisco area, Los Angeles, and Great Britain.

Debuting in the volume from the San Francisco-Berkeley area are Jefferson Airplane, the Grateful Dead, and Country Joe and the Fish.

From Los Angeles: the Doors, the Mamas and the Papas, and the Monkees.

And from across the sea: the Rolling Stones, and Donovan.

Previously, the only other rock

stars to receive such recognition were Elvis Presley and the Beatles. There is no question but that the new listings are a sign of the elevation of rock music to cultural status and broader acceptance by the Establishment.

Equally significant is the fact that two of the groups—the Dead and the Fish—have had only minor success in the hit single department, though they achieved considerable fame (and following) as symbols of the San Francisco music scene. Each of the other acts named to "Who's Who" this year has had one or more million-selling singles and gold albums.

### Country Joe Sells Out in N.Y.

The New York rock scene, which has been practically nonexistent through most of the winter, is coming alive again. On February 2, "Crawdaddy!" magazine presented Country Joe and the Fish, the Jim Kweskin Jug Band and the Soft White Underbelly in the first evening of a new concert series, and it was a financial as well as an artistic success. Despite bad weather and almost no advertising, the 2000-seat Anderson Theatre in the East Village was sold out for both shows, at \$4 a seat.

The program was well handled,

with a minimum of wasted time and no technical troubles. And although Kweskin's set was a bit flat, Country Joe sent everyone away happy with a smooth, exciting show. "Superbird" and "Love" were especially well received.

The "Crawdaddy!" people are hoping to do a show every weekend, indefinitely. Concerts already booked include Moby Grape and Procol Harum; Big Brother and the Holding Company and B. B. King; Chuck Berry and the Electric Flag; and a return engagement for Country Joe.

### Dead Head for Paradise and Points East

The Grateful Dead, having completed an extremely successful tour of the Pacific Northwest, are turning their attention to Europe. At the end of March the band will leave San Francisco to play several Eastern cities, then Paradise Island in the Bahamas, visit Paradise Island in the Bahamas, and so on to the Continent.

Paradise Island was purchased a number of years ago by Howard Hughes, the secretive plutocrat, who erected a giant ersort hotel there. Friends of the Dead, the Mary Carter Paint Company, have just bought the property from Hughes and the group will provide the music for a housewarming party at their private residence on the island.

After engagements in Washington, D.C., the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and probably Detroit and Cleveland, and the Paradise party, the Grateful Dead sail for France. They will perform in Paris (most likely at the Olympic Theatre), Grenoble and Lyons in April and then head for the Scandinavian coun-

tries. Appearances are set for Helsinki, Oslo, Copenhagen, Upsala and Stockholm in May. Stops in Holland and England will complete the long-projected tour. There are also plans, but less definite ones, to return to San Francisco the long way around and play Japan and Australia.

Recording on the group's next album should be completed before they depart ("We've already spent \$60,000 of Warner Brothers' money and they want to see something for it," Rock Scully, the Dead's manager, commented) and they expect it and two single records, all as yet untitled, to be released sometime in March. A St. Valentine's Day dance at the Carousel Ballroom with Country Joe and the Fish—to be broadcast live by KMPX in San Francisco—and a Washington's Birthday weekend stand at King's Beach in Lake Tahoe with the Youngbloods are also on their crowded schedule. The last two events, like the Northwest tour, are being produced and promoted by the Dead themselves in a move for artistic and financial independence.



### ALBERT KING IS IN TOWN: A QUIET CASE OF THE BLUES

BY JERROLD GREENBERG

Out front, unashamed, and usually at the top of his voice, Albert King is a blues singer. More than that, from his gold canine tooth, inch-wide diamond stickpin and custom-tailored maroon mohair suit to the two gold-and-diamond rings on his hands and the high gloss shine on his black calf shoes he is every inch a blues person (as LeRoi Jones would have it) foursquare in the tradition of such diverse figures as Mr. Buddy Bolden—who schooled Louis Armstrong in old New Orleans before he went mad, Jack Johnson—who threw his heavyweight championship to a phony "white hope" to avoid prosecution under the Mann Act for sleeping with a white woman (she was his girlfriend and he went to jail anyway), and among more recent avatars, Big Jay McNeely, Sugar Ray Robinson (flash all the way), Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, and Albert's own brother, B. B. King. He personifies the classic blues and the world they grew out of.

This quality was probably never more evident than at the shows at the Fillmore Auditorium and Winterland here in early February, when Albert King shared the bill with Jimi Hendrix and John Mayall and the Bluesbreakers. It was the singer-guitarist's first trip to the West Coast—he also had engagements scheduled for Los Angeles—a sign of the upward turn his career has taken since he signed with Stax Records—whose Vice President, Al Bell, doubles as his personal manager. (Before that he was under contract to Bobbin, which not only didn't have the connections necessary to get King any bookings off the usual blues club—one night dance—two weeks at the Apollo circuit, but also, according to Albert, "fucked me out of \$30,000" in royalties.)

"In the blues, the words have a meaning," he insists, "and the music gives them a setting. With some singers, the arrangements are more important, but for me the blues is how I feel." To show San Francisco audiences how he felt—aside from statements like, "I've been looking a long time for a place like this... this is my place and I'm going to move on out here," which require the addition of several grains of salt—he unveiled a varied, although blues-based, repertory.

Ray Charles' "I Believe" was backed by a very sophisticated de-

scending figure played in unison by organ and tenor sax. The musical complexity is not accidental. Despite his disdain for over-arranged numbers, Albert King spends long hours rehearsing his band. When he plays a single and uses pick-up accompanists, he hands them a sheaf of lead sheets and arrangements and announces, "If you don't want to play it like it's written down, just put the horn across your lap. We'll get along better that way." King's long, spoken introduction to "Stormy Monday Blues"—a classic if there ever was one—affirmed his belief that everyone has the blues sometimes ("That little girl, that teenage girl, her parents won't let her go out with her boyfriend and she goes up to her room and shuts the door and locks it and sits alone in the dark... that little girl has got a slow, quiet case of the blues") and his deliberate, powerful vocal and intense guitar work brought the song alive even for those who had heard it a thousand times before. That was his message... Tuesday is just as bad, and Tuesday keeps coming around, week after mothering week.

Albert King keeps his guitar tuned so as to get the maximum vibrato out of the bass strings—this cuts off some possibilities in the upper register that B.B., for instance, likes to explore—and on really "down" tunes like the aforementioned "Stormy Monday" the effect is truly electrifying—and remember that it was the urban blues artist, especially T-Bone Walker and B.B. King, who first introduced the electric guitar as a melody instrument, from whence it was picked up, first by rhythm and blues, then rock and roll. In fact, King considers some of the tunes he performs to be R&B, "if you can pop your fingers to it, it's rhythm and blues," even though he thinks of himself as a classic blues singer.

Albert also delivered his own "Laundromat Blues," with its ultra-modern imagery ("I know you're meeting your baby down at the local laundromat") superimposed on down-home blues changes. The lyrics, dealing with broken noses, wife-beating, and assorted blows "upside the head," seemed oddly removed from the concerns of his San Francisco audiences, but it went over big anyway. The change from his straightforward but arresting delivery to the tight, intricate and somehow constricting arrangements of the

—Continued on Page 22

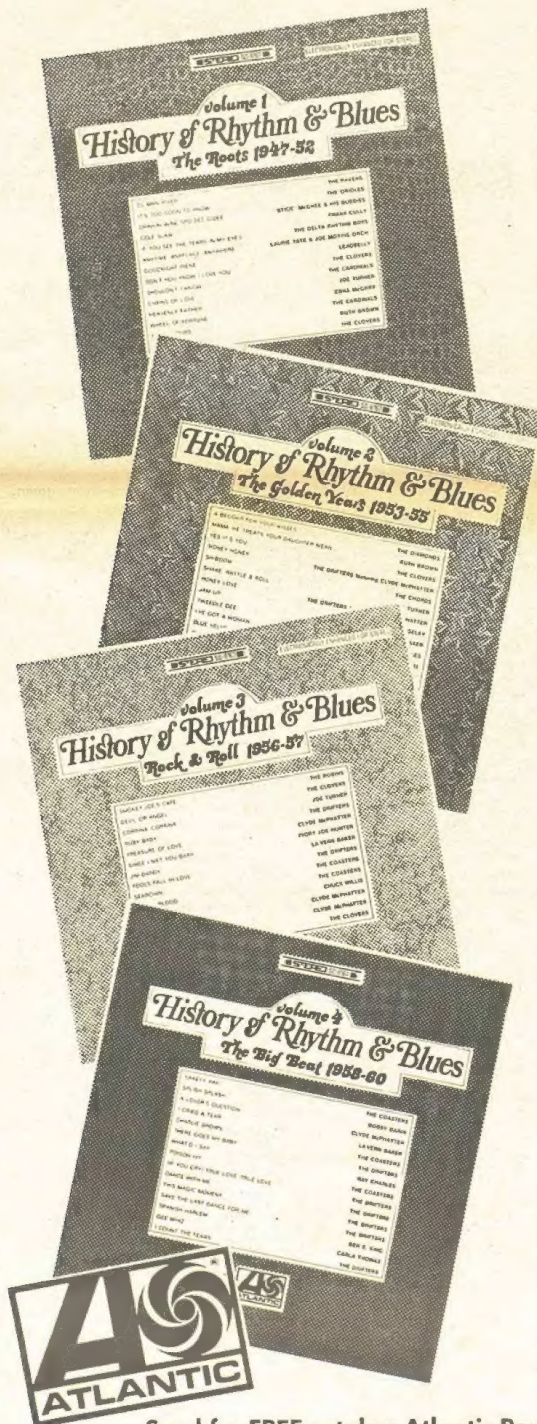


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IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW ..... THE ORIOLES  
DRINKIN' WINE SPO-DEE-O-DEE ..... "STICK" MCGHEE &  
HIS BUDDIES  
COLE SLAW ..... FRANK CULLY  
IF YOU SEE THE TEARS IN MY EYES... THE DELTA RHYTHM  
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SHOULDN'T I KNOW ..... THE CARDINALS  
CHAINS OF LOVE ..... JOE TURNER  
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TWEEDLE DEE ..... LA VERN BAKER  
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## New Directions for Beatle Business

The changing direction of the Beatles' business interests has resulted in several subtle realignments in their United States representation. Although they have fired their American press agent and let go of the manager of their fan club, Beatles USA Ltd., the American business representative of NEMS Enterprises, Nemporer Artists Limited, still exists and will also become the legal and business representative of the Beatles' newly formed company, Apple.

However the fan club part of the Nemporer operation will be

curtailed. For example, the monthly Beatle Book will no longer be published by Nemporer but contracted out to a fan magazine. Other activities of the fan club are gradually fading as is the group's interest in it.

The Beatles have effectively taken over their own management since the death of Brian Epstein, and Apple is the company through which they intend to conduct their further activities. The managing director of Apple is Neil Aspinall, their old friend and former road manager.



## MAHARISHI MEETS THE PRESS: HE'S AYN RAND WITH A BEARD

BY WILLIAM KLOMAN

NEW YORK  
 Maharishi Mahesh Yogi met the New York press corps, and the contest was unofficially declared a draw. The Maharishi has been out of his hermit's cave nine years now, and has become wise to the ways of the world. In Germany he went for the industrial leaders (has he read Shirer?), who reportedly became enthusiastic about his message when they discovered that meditation increases their workers' productivity. In media-drenched America, His Holiness is counting on the press to spread the word.

So he hired Solters & Sabinson, an up-beat public relations firm (they also do Ringling Bros.), to stage a press conference for him. Fellini would have liked the scene a lot. In fact he all but did it in *Juliet of the Spirits*.

The conference was held at the State Suite of the Plaza Hotel, two days before the Maharishi's SRO appearance at Madison Square Garden. Before His Holiness' entrance, dyed pink carnations and 8" x 10" glossies were distributed, along with a mimeographed poop sheet. "Heads of state, artists, housewives, students, millionaires and many of lesser means have been able to find inner peace and fulfillment. . ."

The Maharishi arrived and took his place on a creamy white Luis XV loveseat in front of a bank of mums and gladiolas. The paparazzi moved in and the Sage went through his paces, smooth as a *Vogue* model. Smile, meditate, profile, sniff flowers, smile. Then the steno-pad brigade took over.

The reporters kept their cool for maybe half an hour, asking routine questions about how did His Holiness like America, sir, then, as boredom set in, they started getting frisky. First they wanted to know George Harrison's mantra, then they began to get downright personal.

"Buddha and Christ didn't have the advantages of expensive public relations firms," one radio man observed, rounding his vowels into a tape recorder.

The Sage's famed equanimity was unruffled. "And that is why Christ

took hundreds of years to be known," he replied. Amid applause, he succumbed to a fit of giggles.

A hostile young man in activist drag pressed the Maharishi on the draft. The holy man looked puzzled and from the back of the room an Indian with a shopping bag shouted, "His Holiness doesn't understand draft." Someone explained draft and the Maharishi, oblivious to the War Within, advised the youth of America to offer their lives for the good of all.

"My interest in Vietnam is no more than my interest in any other place in the world," he said. The delegates of the Fourth Estate gasped and scribbled furiously. The Maharishi's PR men looked straight ahead, pretending they hadn't heard.

About then a young man standing on a chair waved his hand and said, "Your Holiness, there's going to be a demonstration against you Sunday," but he was drowned out by a lady reporter who had just had a scuffle with a pushy TV cameraman, and wanted to know how there could be peace when so many people lived in poverty.

"People are in poverty because they lack intelligence and because of laziness," the Sage observed. "Transcendental meditation centers will teach them the virtues of selfishness and give them energy not to be poor any more."

"Christ," said a woman on a chair. "It's Ayn Rand with a beard."

"Your Holiness," said a voice from the rear. "There's going to a dem. . . ." But it was drowned out again. This time by a man who said, "Your Majesty, how d'ya reach a . . ." but he was drowned out too.

The questioning turned to money. The Maharishi would not be bullied into talking finances. "I am a monk," he said. "I have no pockets. I deal in wisdom, not in money."

The man who had been concerned about Christ's lack of a PR firm asked if the management of the Plaza understood the Maharishi's attitude toward money, and everybody laughed, especially the Maharishi.

At the end of the hour a bankerish-looking member of the guru's entourage told the audience that the Ma-

—Continued on Page 22



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## PERSPECTIVES: MESSING UP WITH THE MIDDLEMEN

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

With the single exception of the Modern Jazz Quartet, all the big bands and small groups that have been successful musical units in the past 30 years have been organizations in which one man was the leader and employer and the rest were sidemen, working for a salary.

This is the traditional stance of the American Federation of Musicians, the union which governs (ostensibly to protect) the employment of professional musicians in the United States and Canada.

The AFM insists that one man sign contracts and be the leader of the group. Even in the Modern Jazz Quartet, which is an equal partnership, one man has to sign contracts and go through the legal fiction of employing the others.

Back in the 30's a number of co-operative, i.e. everyone with an equal share, bands existed. The original Casa Loma band was one and so were the original Woody Herman and Bob Crosby bands.

Possibly because they were big bands (with 14 or more people), possibly because of the basic stance of the society itself which frowns upon communes of any kind, and certainly because the American Federation of Musicians was unsympathetic to the whole idea, these bands changed into the standard one employer with a roster of employees situations.

In this kind of band then and now, the leader signed the contract with the record company and got the advance, the performance royalties and the rest from the recording company and the sidemen were paid per recording session and no more. If a sideman wrote a song, of course, and he managed to protect that song long enough from the leader so that he could get it published in his own name, he would collect the songwriter royalties on any recording of it that the band made. But he would still be paid, as a player, only for the record session itself and if the number (his own composition) was a hit, he got the composer royalties but the bandleader got the straight artist royalties from the record company.

Thus Tommy Dorsey became a millionaire (as did Benny Goodman) and the men who worked with them then are today still, for the most part, just sidemen playing in studio bands or Las Vegas clubs.

The prevalence of small groups in jazz which were successful units during the late 40's and 50's gave the individual more freedom in playing, but he was still a sideman employed by a leader. Some had special contracts—Paul Desmond, for instance, had a special contract with Dave Brubeck which guaranteed his participation in the concert engagements of the Brubeck Quartet. But Brubeck was still the leader and the employer.

Even the arranger, who took the original song and gave it the special musical context which might very well have been responsible for the disc being a hit, was paid per arrangement and not by a royalty.

Thus Sy Oliver, who arranged many of the Jimmy Lunceford records in the 30's and then did so many of the Tommy Dorsey hits of the 40's, was a paid employee, albeit a well paid one, of Dorsey.

The rock groups are in the process of changing all that. The number of co-operative, i.e. equal partnership, rock groups is impossible to estimate. It is almost universally true of the San Fran-

cisco groups and it is becoming increasingly true of groups in other parts of the country.

A band forms from a meeting of the minds of several people, generally with one prime mover. The decisions are reached by trial and error and discussion as to the instrumentation of the band and when the group is set and begins to practice, the members live together, share all expenses and whatever money they earn goes, in an order of priority set by the participants themselves, to pay the necessary bills.

In San Francisco a refinement of even this basic communal style has been evolved. Here a number of the bands include the manager as a non-playing equal member of the unit who handles all the business for the group and brings back the offers and proposals for joint (no pun intended) discussion and decision.

But the decisions are increasingly group decisions, not unilateral decisions by the manager, though he does the talking.

This was one of the problems with the Monterey Pop Festival last year. John Phillips complained that San Francisco was the only city where he had to talk to the managers of the bands and couldn't make his arrangements directly with the leader. He failed to understand, of course, what the San Francisco scene was all about (a failure reflected later in the actual festival, the TV film and subsequent developments).

The American Federation of Musicians is struggling now, just as the other apparatus of the establishment—the booking agencies, the record companies and the song publishers—to deal with these co-operative or communal rock groups.

It is a simple matter when the group is not well known, has no records and no great following. It is another thing altogether when the group has mass strength as some of the groups now have.

It will be necessary in the future to revise in many ways the patterns of business dealing previously established.

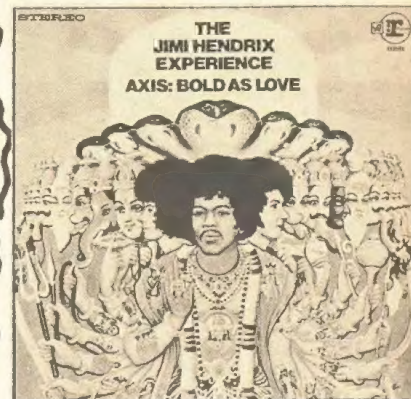
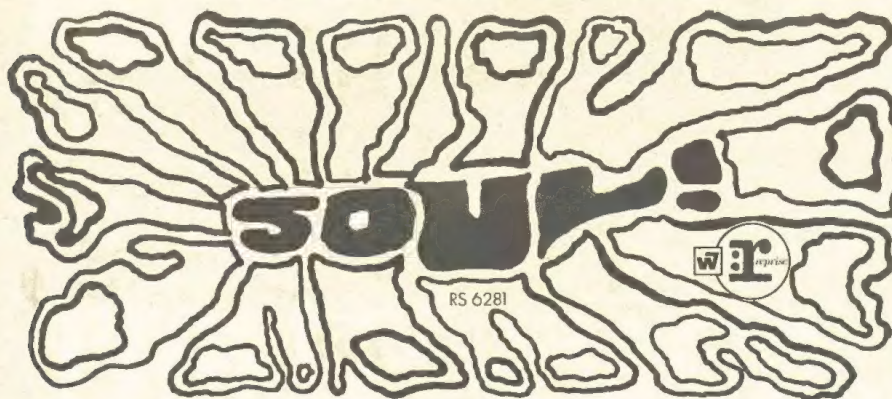
Exactly the same kind of automated anonymity is discernible in the way the booking agencies handle bands as in the way the government or the university handles individuals. The agency men, the bookers, are really flesh peddlers (occasionally one will transcend that category, but he is the exception) who sell anybody and anything for money. They neither know nor care what the band or the singer actually does. All they know or want to know is how much they can get for it night by night, concert by concert, and week by week.

The Northwest Tour by the Quicksilver Messenger Service, The Grateful Dead and Jerry Abrams' Headlights is a healthy sign. It was successful and they did it themselves.

The application of the things these bands have learned may transform the entire field. I see the day coming when bands will operate their own agencies cooperatively, in which the agent really does work for the group. I see them running their own concerts (as only the biggest acts have done so far—Dylan, Beatles, Belafonte, etc.) and eventually making their own records and then leasing them to the record companies.

Too many middlemen have spoiled the system as it now exists. A real need exists to define and limit their role and the natural dynamic of these new bands is doing exactly that.

# THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE



# THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE



## A FEELING.

ON SUMMER EVENINGS I shall take the bridle-ways,  
Wheat pecking at my wrists, slim grass beneath my tread;  
I'll feel its coolness penetrate my dreamy haze  
And let the wind wash over my uncovered head.

I shall not speak, I shall not think of anything.  
But through my soul will surge all love's infinity;  
Far, far away I'll go, a gypsy wandering  
Content in Nature as in woman's company.

—RIMBAUD.



REPRISE  PRESENTS

# RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT "YOUNG BRIGHAM"

ALBUM #6284



PRODUCED BY JANN WENNER AND BARON WOLMAN

"I started playing the guitar about 6 or 7, maybe 7 or 8 years ago. I was influenced by everything at the same time, that's why I can't get it together now. Like I used to like Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran and Muddy Waters and Elvin James. Saw a mixture of those things and hearing these things at the same time, which way do you go... B.B. King and so forth."

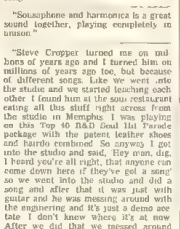
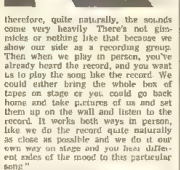
"The first guitar I was aware of was Muddy Waters. I heard one of his old records where I was a little boy and it scared me to death, because I heard all of those sounds. Wow, what is that all about? It was great. And I like Albert King. He plays completely and strictly in one way, just straight funk blues. New blues guitar, very young, funky sound which is great. One of the funkiest I've heard. He plays it strictly that way so that's his scene."

"Down south in some funky club, one sat up there staring in death and he might be the best guitar player you ever heard and you might not know his name."

therefore, quite naturally, the sounds come very heavily. There's not gimmicks or nothing like that because we show our side as a recording group. Then when we play in person, you've already heard the record, and you want us to play the song like the record. We could either bring the whole lot of tapes on stage or you could go back home and take pictures of us and set them up on the wall and listen to the record. It works both ways in person, like we do the record quite naturally as close as possible and we do it our way on stage and you hear different rules of the mood in this particular song."

"Saxophone and harmonica is a great sound together, playing completely in unison."

"Steve Cropper turned me on mid 60s years ago and I turned him on millions of years ago too, but because of different songs. Like we went into the studio and we started teaching each other. I found him at the soul restaurant eating all this stuff right across from the studio in Memphis. I was playing on that Top 40 R&B band that those package with the patent leather shoes and hands combined. So anyway, I got into the studio and said, 'Hey even die. I heard you're all right, that anyone can come down here if they've got a soul' so we went into the studio and did a song and after that it was just playing guitar and he was messing around with the engineering and it's just a demo tape. I don't know where it's at now. After we did that we messed around



the studio for 4 or 5 hours doing different little things, it was very strange. He turned me on to a lot of things. He showed me how he played certain songs and I showed him how I played Mercy, Mercy or something like that, then I showed him. It was about 3 or 4 years ago."

"At the Monterey Festival, I decided to destroy my guitar at the end of the song. It was a painted guitar. I'd just finished, painted it that day, and was ready to go. I had my little tap on stage. I had my routine but on stage, everything in it including Mercy, Mercy for my lighter which was given to me by Chas at Christmas. In Washington, D.C. I destroyed my guitar again. It was accidental."

"I think of people who say that setting your guitar on fire has nothing to do with the music as cellophane, bags and bags of cellophane. Of cellophane, but in big bags of cellophane. Have you ever thought of fighting cellophane on fire? There's no need to."

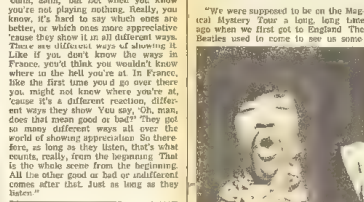
"The wah-wah pedal is great because it doesn't have any notes. Nothing but hitting it straight up using the vibrato and then the drums come through and that there feels like that, not depress, but that loneliness and that frustration and the yearning for something. Like something is reaching out."



"We play certain places in the States in England, we played almost everywhere you can name. Both of the soul messes listen, like in the States if they like you, they do, if they don't, they

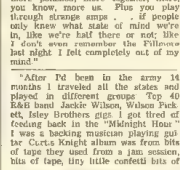


don't and they'll show it. In the States they know who you are on stage, you play one single note, they say, 'Oooh, sahhh!' In England, they appreciate it just as much as anywhere else. Sweden is the one that shows appreciation more than anybody. They show it by being completely silent while you're playing, completely. I mean like there are a few rockers back there running around taking out of balloons. The average person you know, they're completely quiet, and they wait until every last thing is over and then they clap. Sounds like the walls caving in. It's great when they go 'ooh, ahhh', but not when you know you're not playing nothing. Really, you know, it's hard to say which ones are better, or which ones more appreciate 'cause they show it in all different ways. There are different ways of showing it. Like if you don't know the way in France, you'd think you wouldn't know where in the hell you're at. In France, like the first time you go over there you might not know where you're at, 'cause it's a different reaction, different ways they show you. Say, 'Oh, man, does that mean good or bad?' They got so many different ways all over the world of showing appreciation. So there, as long as they listen, that's what counts, really, from the beginning. That is the whole scene from the beginning. All the other good or bad or indifferent comes after that. Just as long as they listen."



"Chas asked me to come to England and get a group going together. Chas knows a lot of telephone numbers. Like George Fane and the Blue Flames and all these other people. We had a jam and Noel came around Noel plays a little really. He came for the audition of the new Animals and we happened to be in the same building. Chas asked him to play bass and it worked out. Then we started playing almost every day for so long, rehearsed for three days then played the biggest theater in Europe, the Paris Olympia with Johnny Hallyday. Paris Olympia is worse than playing the Apollo. Four days after we got together, we were playing the Olympia. It is the biggest thing in Europe. The reception was great and we played four songs. We were trying to get together. We did everything. We never played these songs except once in Germany. We went together with Mink DeVille and 1000 Dances. 'Everyone Needs Someone to Love' and 'Respect'."

studio and we were really into some groovy things. Some really funky little things. And we were scratched out of the studio within a day of knowing nothing. There we were, thrown into the Paris scene, the Olympia Theatre, and we found ourselves waiting for two hours in the London Airport. Then we found ourselves in New York, lost in the street. All these within hours of each other. Then they had a press conference and here you are thinking about these songs. You have these songs in your mind. You want to hurry up and get back to the things you were doing in the studio, because that's the way you gear your mind. And then we were thrown into the Fillmore, we wanted to play there, quite naturally, but you're thinking about all these tracks, which is completely different from what you're doing now. It's not exactly completely different, but it is more polished, more together, more, you know, more us. Plus you play through strange amps... if people only knew what state of mind we're in, like we're half there or not. Like I don't even remember the Fillmore had light. I felt completely out of my mind."



"After I'd been in the army 14 months I traveled all the states and played in different groups. Top 40 R&B band Jackie Wilson, Wilson Pickett, the Isley Brothers gig. I got tired of feeding back in the 'Midnight Hour'. I was a backing musician playing guitar. Curtis Knight whom was from bits of tape they used from a jam session, bits of tape, tiny little contents bits of tape."

about it was done. Capital never told us that they were going to release that crap. That's the real drag about it. It shows exactly how some people in America are still not where it's at, re-



"The changes in music between the two records are for you to decide. We're just playing the way we feel and if you want to sit up here all day and play both our records and listen to the changes and say 'oh yeah, here's a change, remember when we did that?' then we sit around and get ourselves on the back or either back each other in the ass. That's what we do. We make records for the public to hear. We cut the record in just 10 days. It was mixed beautifully, but we had the original mix so we had to re-mix it. Chas and I and the engineer, Eddie Kramer, all of us had to re-mix it the next morning within 10 hours and it's very hard to do that. We're going to take more time. We're in the process of recording now. We're going to do another 'period' album. We've got maybe 8 tracks and when we get about 15 or 16, we'll release it."

about it of a day. Well, the same with love. If a cat falls in love or a girl falls in love it might change his whole complete scene. Asst. Hold on Love. 1.2.3 rock around the clock."



"To people who are not listening very much, our last LP will put them to sleep right away. When I first saw that design I thought 'It's great', but maybe we should have an American Indian. The three of us have nothing to do with what's on that Asx cover. The LP came out unplanned. All the songs on it are exactly the way we felt right then. It was recorded eight months ago and two of the songs on it are a year old. 'If Six Was Nine' and 'There's So Fine'. We recorded this album right after the first one. It was the next session after the first. It represents us then, but we've got prettier songs."

"I just thought about the title. There might be a meaning behind the whole thing. The Axis of the earth turns around and changes the face of the world and completely different civilizations come about or another age comes about. In other words, it changes the face of the earth and it only takes

What are the different trips you got into behind recordings? "Oh, man, the sounds. If you write an abstract song for someone, you know, with slightly abstract words that doesn't go exactly like I love you, will you serve me tonight? It doesn't go exactly like that. It might go, I felt the ceiling fall under me and all this mess, you know. You can make the same happen in studio now you can actually experience certain words that you want to get across. Instead of saying like, 'Will you make love to me tonight?' all of a sudden there's this big crash. So





PHOTO BY JIM SMIRICH

## 'THE PROMOTERS HAVE BEEN JUST PUTTING OUT PAP'

Continued from Page 1

This is the atmosphere that Jefferson Airplane also hopes to capture in its future efforts. "The Airplane wants to change the concept of the rock and roll show," Thompson stated. "The San Francisco groups got into the business to have a good time and give a good show. But because of the conditions we ran into on our tour we weren't able to give a lot of audiences the shows they should have been receiving."

The conditions he referred to are familiar to all traveling salesmen, professional athletes,

high fashion models and musicians, especially musicians: get off the plane, tired and needing a shower, spend an hour or three in an uncomfortable motel room, go somewhere you've never seen before and do whatever it is you do for people who've never seen you before and get on the plane again to do it over again.

Jefferson Airplane is a big-time act (in fact it gets more money—up to \$7500 a performance—than any other American band) and its members do not have to put up with the changes that many less successful performers do, but a grind is a

grind, dull is dull and tired is tired.

It was not specified whether the continuous live performances were a factor in the parting-of-the-ways with Graham, who not only arranged them, but expected the group to come up with fresh material while on the road. However, the Airplane has resolved never again to undertake such a punishing schedule of appearances.

Among the new ideas the Airplane is considering is the possibility of traveling with the Doors, hardly unknowns themselves, with the bands exchanging material. This would give the audiences a chance to hear Jim Morrison soar into "Somebody to Love," followed by Marty Balin and Grace Slick singing "Light My Fire." The Airplane is also seriously considering a tour of Europe, accompanied by Headlights. If they make the trip they plan to set up some joint performances with the Grateful Dead, already booked for Continental appearances in April and May thanks to the efforts of the Dead's managers.

Setting its sights still further Eastward, Jefferson Airplane also hopes to become the first American band to play behind the Iron Curtain and is especially interested in performing in Russia. Thompson admits that he is still waiting to hear from Kosygin.

The Airplane's business ambitions do not stop at tours and concerts. They have set up a publishing company called Ice Bag Corp. Already in the works are two songbooks—for *Surrealistic Pillow* and *After Bathing at Baxter's*, the group's two latest albums—which are being compiled and produced by Gary Blackman, an Airplane associate and erstwhile publicity man.

Then there are what Bill Thompson calls "visuals." Conrad Rooks, the young movie producer-director, held a private, Airplane-only screening of his *Chappaqua*, then met with the group and found them quite interested in his plans for a feature-length film featuring them. (He didn't mention that when he first announced plans for a rock-and-roll-oriented movie it was supposed to have starred the Beatles and been shot in Nepal.) John Urea, a Los Angeles film maker who has already produced several shorts on musical subjects, has also broached plans for a film, and no decision has been reached on which (or both or neither) project the Airplane will engage in. But some sort of film is definitely in the works.

In another, more familiar medium, recorded music, the band finds itself anxious to record some new songs but is at loggerheads with its label, RCA Victor. The issue is again freedom and the hassle is centered in two areas: promotion and the actual conditions of cutting tapes.

After *Bathing at Baxter's* was terribly mishandled and underpromoted by RCA, according to Thompson, who suggests that the apparent incompetence may have been purposive on the part of the company, which want-

ed another *Surrealistic Pillow* and was further put out by the Ron Cobb cover design which the Airplane insisted on using. "Every record cover, every advertisement is going to be associated with the Jefferson Airplane and we have a right to the final say" is the group's position on the matter. They also want the record company to guarantee that a definite amount of money will be spent for promoting each album and single—said money to be turned over to the Airplane and its public relations firm to be used as they think most effective. RCA, it hardly need be said, is not rushing forward with wheelbarrows full of greenback dollar bills to meet this demand, but insists that the records are its products to be sold as it sees fit.

As for the actual recording, the Airplane musicians, especially Jorma Kaukonen, are notoriously unhappy with the RCA Los Angeles studios. They want to be able to name their own engineers and production people, choose their own studios to record in—in San Francisco if they like, which, according to Thompson, RCA now forbids—and even start their own studios.

In essence, the Airplane wants to present the label with the finished tapes for a record and say, "Here." Thompson says that several members of the group refuse to set foot in a studio until these conditions are met. The group's contract is in fact being renegotiated following the departure of Graham, but if RCA gives away promotion money or allows the total control the Airplane wants it will be a first in the history of the relationships between recording companies and artists.

A rock group going into business for itself may not be as simple as it seems. However, on the local scene, Ron Polte and the Quicksilver Messenger Service have just finished presenting a series of shows at the New Committee Theater in North Beach that featured performers as diverse as Charles Lloyd and the Ace of Cups, an all-lady rock band. The Grateful Dead/Country Joe and the Fish St. Valentine's Dance at the Carousel Ballroom on Market Street (which will be broadcast live by KMPX-FM just like Symphony Sid used to broadcast live from Birdland twenty years ago—"that was in another city") was immensely successful as was the dance they held a month earlier at the same location.

While the Dead have no use for the "rock Establishment" here—such Establishment as it may be—and say, "The promoters have just been putting out pap. That's why we haven't played the (Avalon and Fillmore) ballrooms in the last 8 months," the Airplane thinks it will appear at the Fillmore again, perhaps soon, and Bill Graham, playing to the hilt the amicable ex-husband of his own metaphor, agrees. "Unless," he adds, "they become too big—like the Beatles."

And the Beatles, it will be remembered, formed their own cooperative business agency, Apple Ltd., soon after the death of their manager, Brian Epstein, and so started, like so many other things, all this.

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## THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW:

## RAVI SHANKAR

Ravi Shankar spent much of last year teaching two courses in Indian music at the City College of New York. He taught a section for amateurs and one master class. Rolling Stone's New York correspondent, Sue Clark, attended his classes and at the end of the series sat down with her teacher and conducted the following interview.

Please tell us something about your concept of programming for your concerts at Philharmonic Hall—that is, a concert of spring ragas, rainy season ragas, etc., and what prompted you to use this idea?

Well, I always like to make programming, the items that I play, as interesting and as varied and representative of all different forms within our classical framework as possible. This was completing my 10 concerts within 12 months which, I think, would normally be too much for any artist to play in the same city, within 12 months. Therefore, I was very much more conscious that there should be a little different approach, particularly to the last three programs. I thought grouping them into seasonal ragas would be something very interesting. We have a lot of beautiful ragas which are associated with the spring, and the same way with the rainy season, and for the third one I had morning ragas, especially the very, very beautiful and one of our most important morning ragas *Lalit*. Usually it is not the practice in India to play morning ragas in the evening, but in India we do sometime have, you know, very late night programs which run 'til the morning, early morning, so therefore we do get scope to play morning ragas. But here, this doesn't ever seem to be, playing very late night or early morning, therefore it would be impossible for the people in this country to get any idea, excepting long-playing records. That's why I think it was very well appreciated.

You have always mentioned that in India music is played for many more hours than in U.S. concerts. Does this refer to individual ragas that are played for a longer time?

Well, both, both. Each individual raga is also definitely played for a longer span of time, and the whole chunk of "sitting" as we call it, is longer than here.

And there are also more ragas played. Do you have breaks in India? In other words, do you play one raga for a period of time and then have an intermission?

It depends where the program is held. If it is just a one man show, my program alone, either at some concert hall or some big place, outdoor or whatever it is, then we do have an intermission. And it might be 2 hours, 2½ hours, then an intermission, then again it goes on for 2 hours or so. So the whole thing might, with the intermission and everything, come to about 4, 4½ hours. Once I played for 10½ hours continuously, with one intermission only, and a very short, about 5 minutes break, toward the end! A whole night, very tiring of course, but at the same time it was so inspiring, the audience was so good, and I came to such a mood that it just happened. And, 8 hours I have played, many times, 7 hours, 8 hours. But this is mostly in music circles—that is, a smaller group of people,

not more than say 200 to 300, or 400 at the most, and is either held in a big hall, or at somebody's house, or some school building. And these music circles, you know, they cannot pay artists much, but these consist of understanding music lovers, and they contribute and just have a one artist program, and they hear him or her to their hearts' content.

Would you please tell us about the ideas behind the recordings you made with Bud Shank and Yehudi Menuhin?

There was no idea at all as far as Bud Shank is concerned, because I wanted to do *Pathar Panchali* theme music and I needed a flute player. At that time I really didn't know Bud Shank, and my friend Richard Bock said he is one of the best and I found him very nice. When we did that, some people said what about playing with a few more jazz musicians, would I be interested? I was very clear about it. I did not want to play, personally, the sitar in a jazz number, but I just wanted, for fun, to see what happens. Then I did this little piece called "Fire Night" on the spot and his accompanists on drum, guitar, and double bass, they came, and this recording was done. That's the only thing I did as far as a little experiment in jazz, along with also Kanai Dutta, and Harihar Rao, one or two people who were there on drums. But I have never played myself, in any other form of music than my own—which seems difficult enough to me. To attempt to play any other form, I really don't feel that I should, because it won't be doing justice to it. With Yehudi Menuhin, it is also something which came spontaneously. You see, Yehudi and I have been great friends for many, many years, and, in fact, he got to know and love Indian music through me. That's why we have a special relation, you see.

And, having heard and read and to a certain extent studied a little about Indian music, he naturally felt the desire to just try to play something, and that's how it happened.

A German musician was commissioned to write some piece, which he did, based on the raga *Tilang*. Both Yehudi and myself found it a bit difficult in a sense, you know. It was neither Indian, nor . . . well, we were not happy with it. But we kept about a minute or two of that piece and I redid almost everything and played it at the Bath Festival because, you know, he was commissioned. But after that when people suggested that we record it, then both of us felt that we should redo the whole thing completely. So I wrote completely a new thing, of course on the same raga, which is a traditional raga, *Tilang*. And then I wrote also a very short piece for him based on a morning raga, and these two pieces were recorded. And now, again, some time ago, on the 10th of December, there was the Human Rights Day at U.N., where we were requested to play a duet, I again wrote a completely new piece for this occasion, which we have recorded just a few days ago.

I was surprised, I enjoyed the U.N. much more than the recording (West Meets East, Angel 36418).

Ah, yes. It is definitely not only a better piece, but more appropriate and Yehudi feels much more at home now and I think the whole thing went off much better.

So you consider this really Indian



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELAINE MAYES

music, even though Yehudi Menuhin is playing with you?

Yes. This particular composition, for instance, was Indian music, based on a raga, *Tala*.

Why did you choose the sitar rather than any other Indian instrument?

Well, it came, something happened . . . though I always played many other instruments like sarod, flute, tabla, the sarangi, a bowed instrument, but I always came back to sitar. I think that's something that I always loved more than any other instrument.

Has the increased interest in you as an artist and Indian music become apparent in other countries outside of the United States?

Yes. I can certainly tell you this much, that United States is definitely leading in this movement, or rather, appreciation of Indian music, not only now, but since the very beginning. Because it was here, almost 11, 12 years ago, that it started. I mean people were not even much aware of it anywhere else. Of course, during the last 2 or 3 years, Great Britain, which really should have been the first one to have been conscious of Indian music because of its relation to India for almost 150 to 160 years, but unfortunately that was not the case. But now in England, all the Scandinavian countries, Germany—everywhere, even eastern European countries—I have had no problem. Really, you see, anywhere, from the northmost part that I have been, called Umea, a place in Lapland which belongs to Sweden, to the southmost part in New Zealand called Dunedin, I have had no problem to communicate, and everywhere I have seen very open and very appreciative audiences. But nothing to beat the United States.

The marked increase among young fans has been among the young, but have you also found an increase among older people, because of, or brought on by, the new attention focused on you?

Yes, definitely among the older people because, as you said, of the new attention focused. Many times I feel that they are dragged by their

young son or daughter, or the grandson or the granddaughter. It's very strange, you know. Once they are there, as you say, they are "hooked."

In playing for audiences in the past, including Philharmonic Hall, do you find a difference in the receptivity in these audiences as opposed to those you encountered at Monterey and CCNY? Do you think it has an effect on you as a performer?

I don't think there is any effect as a performer. And little by little I am finding that they are becoming the same. About 2 years ago, there was a marked difference between a place which was very sort of snobbish, but now, for instance, my last performance at Philharmonic Hall, I felt the same magic, the same, yes, magic is the word, I cannot explain anything else, which I felt in Monterey, strangely enough, though all those colors and sort of obvious hippie and long-haired look was not there, you see I think this should be taken down, because I really strongly object about all these music critics in the papers all over this country who have been only trying to focus and write that Ravi Shankar is "raga rage" and all this, you know, funny words, and attracts the hippies, and the long-haired ones, and the high mod and the colors and beads. Even if there are, you know, about four or five in the hall, out of say 3,000 or 3,500 people dressed normally, these critics make it a point to make the headline, that, as if my audience are only that, which I really think is atrocious, because it gives completely a view which is not true.

How and when did you meet Alla Rakha?

I know Alla Rakha since, I think it would have been 1939, yes, 1939, and I always liked him as a drummer, and he has been—of course, in India I have to play with many different people—but he is one of my very favorite accompanists. And especially I like him, I mean I like to bring him more than many other people because of a certain showmanship, and the happiness that he sort of exudes. But we really do have some very good drummers in India





and maybe in the future we'll have the chance to bring others also. But I feel definitely very happy playing with him. He is one of my most favorite.

In other words, you think you have a particular empathy with him when you play?

Yes, which is very natural, and that always comes when you play with someone for quite a long time and continuously.

Do you find it difficult to compose movie soundtracks? Did you approach the idea of writing the music for Pather Panchali the trilogy in a different light than the music that you wrote for Chappaqua—other than the obvious subject differences?

Ah, Pather Panchali was the most inspiring film that I wrote music for, and it was so spontaneously done. I saw the film, composed on the spot, along with myself and only four other musicians, and everything was done within 4½ hours. I think an all-time record anywhere. Satyajit was not the great Satyajit Ray, which is now, he was a very nice, humble person. You know, of course, now he does his own music, he doesn't have to have any music director, but the next two also, I was very inspired, but, you know, it took a little more time, more musicians, and was done in a more sophisticated manner. Chappaqua for me was one of the most difficult films to write music for because I found the director [Conrad Rooks] one of the most difficult. He was not decided at all. Each time I went to do music, I saw a different thing. It went on changing, changing, and I really haven't seen the finished film now. I don't know. I did almost an hour of music for Chappaqua, but I believe there is only 17 minutes that is being kept of my composition music. And I really do not know what the net result is excepting for the last sequence, which I was told was still there, which I think is very powerful music. The rest of the whole music, I did a lot of wonderful experimental things—you know, with jazz groups, with symphonic music players and with folk music players with Indian instruments, a lot of different things. I really don't know how much the effect is there.

Have you ever played any western musical instruments, such as the guitar?

No. I might have just, you know, fiddled it for fun, but never seriously. Never! Never!

Do you know the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, and would you care to make any comments on his influence on George and The Beatles?

I believe in one thing: that anyone who is able to do something good for someone, I mean, should be praised. I have met Maharishi once or twice, but I won't say I know him enough. I know, just like many people, how much he is influencing George and The Beatles as well as many other people in the show business in particular and if they are going to be really helped, and if they find peace through his way of spiritual upliftment, then I think it's good. But you know there are many different ways, just like music, being many different musicians who have different ways but they might all bring peace and love when you hear them. Same way in this line of spiritual, you know, gurus. You find many different types. I have my own spiritual guru, and I'm so happy, and I feel so satisfied that I might appreciate many other famous gurus, but, you know, I am not attracted that way, because, I have found the person. That's why it's very difficult for me to make any different comment.

Do you feel any other type or genre of music should be played on the sitar other than Indian music?

Well, I do hear a lot of this jazz raga, raga rock and all this. I have no objection, you know, to anyone, to anything. I always sort of have a stock answer to this. For instance, take the guitar as an instrument. See the range of music played on the guitar from Segovia, John Williams, Julian Bream to Montoya, to you know, Pete Seeger or all these folk people and then this electronic guitar and rock and roll and what have you. So it doesn't matter really. There cannot be any police regulation that only Indian classical music should be played on sitar! And people are playing, let's face it, and now you hear even electric sitars which

are being used and many people are making a lot of fuss over it which is silly because I remember electric sitar having been popular in India during the last 25 years or more. And there are some people who have been using it in our film music and light music in India. But all of a sudden it seems that someone has created it and it is something new. It is not.

You have heard the guitars which are tuned like sitars? Have you heard this at all?

Yes, I have and it sounds new, it sounds different, not to me so much, but I think to people especially in this country who always go for something new.

How are you enjoying your extended stay in New York and in the United States?

To me, you know, from my childhood I always had a fascination for United States. And especially, now with all the love I have, and admiration I have received and I have been able to, and also give as much as I can in, ah, by starting the school in Los Angeles, and finding such wonderful students, I feel like it is my second home. So, you know, what can I say about that?

Does your name have an English meaning?

Ravi means sun. It's a Sanskrit original word. And Shankar is another name of Shiva, one of the holy trinity god that we worship.

Would you care to comment about Indian music and drugs? The English singer-poet Donovan recently published this statement on his record cover: "Oh what a dawn youth is rising to! I call upon every youth to stop the use of all drugs and banish them into the dark and dismal places for they are crippling our blessed growth."

It is very strange, you know, because all this, ah, youngsters and all this, either Beatle or Donovan, who they are saying the things which I have been saying for last many years. They are saying it a bit, you know, they are themselves a bit late. But I am glad they have understood it by themselves. Now the question is, just as themselves they took long time to come to this conclusion in spite of . . . many people must have told them, but they were not convinced. Something has made them convinced by their own experiences. And also now it depends upon their saying, and singing and composing all the songs, how much effect it will have on the young people who listen to them. If these young people who listen are great fans of all these pop musicians who are now writing against drugs, it might have very good effect. There might be still a number of young people at large who might not be affected by this philosophy and still continuing to pursue, to find out things through drugs. Some of them, not all of them might go, you know, far out, and then, what is that word, point of no return. Something happens. I've been very strongly against this whole thing, you know, and I've been talking and writing about it, speaking often as I can to the young people. And I was concerned because of two reasons: All this big wave of Hare Krishna, etc., and beads, bells and joss sticks being carried in their ears or between their teeth like Carmen carries a rose, always sort of hurt me very much. I saw on one side their real willingness to feel something and get something out of the Indian cultural heritage, religious or spiritual. And also, music was there. I should have been very happy because I am very much loved by these people. But on the other hand I felt the whole approach. Either to religion or to music, the whole Indian concept, you know. And, drugs were sort of the bridge. It is now on its wane. Because now slowly that frenzy seems to be less. Of course, what I saw in California, especially San Francisco

area, in Haight-Ashbury. It chilled me inside to see. India has the oldest hippies in this world, I think, before anywhere else. All this long beards, all this fantastic looking sort of types, you know, all drugged and mad things. This has been there always. But then, it's not thought of for these young people. I have always felt that these young people today are the most sensitive, most aware, people, so much more than the young people in the old, you know, a few years ago. On the other hand it is some of these self-appointed gurus, as I say, in this country. I don't like to take their names, but you know, who for the last few years have either been to India, or brought all this philosophy from India and tried to talk all the time. This had great effect on the youth, that everything you should do should be through drugs: in India everyone takes drugs, everyone smokes hashish or bhang, without taking marijuana you cannot say "Om," you cannot sing, you cannot meditate, and all sorts of things. And then unfortunately, the whole mix-up of sex and spiritual exercise all became one, you know. All of a sudden I saw it was more like a pagan ritual like you find in those peculiar books or those peculiar films, you know, orgies and religious things together. And it makes me sad because I happen to be a Hindu, a Brahmin, and belong to a very religious family and I know what has happened in India and what is happening. And it is absolutely gross, I mean, a distortion of facts. As I said, you do find lots of this type, yes. But these are the types that we really look down upon. These are all what we call the worshippers of devils. These are the witchcraft people, you know, they have what is known as *siddhi*, those quick attainments, by doing the sort of rituals and they are the people, you know, who sort of go to help people to get certain little powers, which according to our true yogis are nothing, mere nothing. It is the most basic that one should shun all this quick attainment, you know, and it is all associated with this type of so-called ascetics or religious people who are really not. They are followers of devils, as we think. And this became more attractive to the youth here because that is what they were told. And this whole mixup with the Tibetan and the Dead and Tantra and philosophy. It really made me so disturbed. And then there was the Indian music. They get high and stoned after taking drugs and then they put my records on and they try to see visions. And just after a little they just like animals start, you know, making love, and all that association with the music, it made me feel very unhappy. I've been talking and talking since then, and I feel so happy to see the big difference already. Of course the whole thing has happened together, the other side, of course, Beatles and many pop groups are now all saying, denouncing rather, drugs, and talking about it and maybe it has helped also. I find a great difference. For instance the groups of listeners that I had even a few months ago in the month of May, in San Francisco. And now the group that I am having. Last year in New York Philhar-

—Continued on Page 19



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## Art: Bruce Conner, Film-Maker

BY THOMAS ALBRIGHT

Bruce Conner is a kind of hip Leonardo of the new Renaissance—painter, assemblagist, printmaker, film-maker, light-show artist, teacher, harmonica player, social critic, mystic, recent candidate for San Francisco supervisor and his own best P. R. man.

Conner's assemblages and collages—funky reliquaries of musty Victorian ghosts, tattered discards, news magazine violence and nudie cheese-cake—have influenced a decade of found-object art, and belong to collections of such major museums as the New York Museum of Modern Art. A drawing he did two years ago to publicize a San Francisco "Trips Festival" produced the first known "psychedelic" mandala, now seen everywhere in print shop posters. Conner's 10-year output of "public films" adds up to scarcely an hour of viewing time, but the "fractured flicker" technique of films like "Cosmic Ray" anticipated the early work of such film-makers as Robert Nelson and Ben Van Meter; shot in 1960, when everyone was still listening to "head jazz," "Cosmic Ray" uses the sound of Ray Charles. Conner has recently been involved in light-shows, one of five artists who make up Ben Van Meter's North American Ibis Alchemical Company, which produced some of the first light-shows in 1966 at the Fillmore Auditorium.

Conner talked mostly about the latter activities in a recent interview at his home, a maverick old white-frame among the rows of box houses near the top of San Francisco's Twin Peaks. It is a harmonious mixture of opposites that slightly suggests a Conner collage—Victorian relics and "camp" pictures, abstract-impressionist paintings by his wife Jean, his own intricate mandala prints and funk assemblages; an old desk and cabinet where papers are methodically filed away; and Conner himself, 34 years old, decked out in faded jeans, white shirt and snake-skin vest, with a manner of ready humor and restrained intensity, and suggesting an eccentric turn-of-the-century attic craftsman reborn in a more public age.

Originally from Kansas, Conner received a degree in fine arts from the University of Nebraska, and first moved to San Francisco in 1957. He was possibly one of the first figures to bridge the old Beat Generation North Beach with the Haight-Ashbury; Conner frequented the Beat scene, lived in cheap housing in the Haight, and constructed many of his assemblages from material collected at wrecked buildings in an urban renewal project he passed through on the long walk between.

One of his earliest works won a national award in a religious art contest sponsored by the National Council of Churches, and Conner's career in assemblage was accompanied generally by all the trappings of artistic success. He ended it four years ago, coinciding with the award of a Ford Foundation film grant. More precisely, "I stopped gluing it down," he said.

"Fifteen years was long enough. For a long time, I had the field to myself. I could move out in any direction. Then everyone began to stake out territory.

"I feel free when I feel I'm in a new country. I had a lot to do with psychedelics up till the time I stopped doing assemblages—I thought of myself like George Catlin traveling across the country into a new territory, then coming back and making a report. But I decided this represented a kind of arbitrary role-taking, communicating something that couldn't really be communicated. And I always sort of felt that what I was doing was outside the art scene anyway. To rationalize it socially, you have to call it art. I



BARON WOLMAN

really wanted to have my first show someplace like a filling station; but there weren't any hip filling stations around. It's a lot easier now."

Conner's first film, made in 1958, was originally planned as part of an assemblage, a "very funky" kind of "little theater" that would include cartridge projector, film loops, sound tapes and blinking lights. Finding the cost prohibitive, he simply made "A Movie," a cut-and-splice collage of stock home movie footage, centering on scenes of destruction and set to an accompaniment of Respighi's "Pines of Rome." This was before Conner owned either camera or editing equipment.

"I had always fantasized a movie made up of scenes from all kinds of movies," Conner said. "At the time, it was unique."

Two years later, Conner made his most popular film, "Cosmic Ray," using both stock film and film he shot himself. It counterpoints scenes of violence, dancing nudes, street lights, television commercials and Walt Disney cartoons, set to Ray Charles' version of "What'd I Say?" Conner spent four months editing the film down to a fantastically tight-packed four minutes.

While living in Mexico, Conner shot a multiple-image color film, "Hunting for Mushrooms," based on a search through outlying villages for hallucinogens used in Indian religious rites which Conner made in

the company of a stranger who stopped by to see him: Timothy Leary. Completed last year, when he added sound, the film is a prototype of the edit-inside-the-camera technique now popular in "acid documentaries."

With the Ford grant, Conner made his longest film, a 13-minute "epic" on the assassination of President Kennedy, while he was living in Brookline, Mass., Kennedy's birthplace. Another short film, "Vivian," shows a girl posture, primp and dance into a glass case in an art gallery to the sound of Conway Twitty's "Mona Lisa" ("Are you real . . . or just another work of art?"). Since returning to San Francisco two years ago, Conner has made "Breakaway," a hard-rock short that shows much of dancer Antonia Christina Basilotta; "Liberty Crown," a kinescope excerpting a show produced for KQED television, and "The White Rose," centering on the removal of a huge canvas from the studio of painter Jo De Feo. Plans for a feature-length, 35-millimeter production in cooperation with Shirley Clark broke down when they failed to raise a \$60,000-\$70,000 budget. It was to be a musical comedy, starring Conner and the Butterfield Blues Band and titled "The Bruce Conner Story." "Somehow it wasn't saleable to the powers that be," Conner said.

Conner's film style continues to flow from an assemblagist's additive

eye, his films are essentially multi-level collages in time. "Found objects, in the form of stock, home-movie footage, are wrenched into startling new contexts, live film is chopped into fragments that are sharply juxtaposed in new relationships, and often the two are combined, all above sound tracks which amplify the visual rhythms and underline the sometimes wildly humorous, sometimes grimly symbolic, ironic content. The result is a unique amalgam of medium and message—photographic grain, abrupt cuts, flashing leader numbers and occasionally, a blank, flickering screen, all rivet attention to the film as film, yet function equally to convey qualities like age, frenetic movement, a count-down suspense and blank, bewildering anxiety.

Conner has spent years working on a single film, editing and re-editing waiting for the appropriate sound. The process sometimes leaves several versions of the same film—there are three of "Cosmic Ray," eight of "Report," and this refers only to the films themselves; Conner says "Cosmic Ray," though set to Charles, works equally well to a Ravi Shankar record, though in a completely different way, and the possibilities are endless. Sometimes, the process leaves no film at all—"It just doesn't resolve"—and Conner has also made several more or less private films, sometimes running them "until they fall apart," or giving them away to their subjects as "portraits."

He considers all his films "home movies. I would like properly for people to own them, so they can see them many times, like having a favorite book or paintings on the wall.

"My main concerns—life and death," Conner said. "Cosmic Ray" is all about light; among other things it uses the sound of Ray Charles, who's a blind man. The title refers to him. Why Charles? Because Charles is it—he goes out in all directions he can find to touch people. If he needs Mantovani orchestration to do it, then he uses it.

"The film is also about censorship and pornography. I see censorship, and all the repressive organizations of our society, as anti-life. When you censor sex, what are you opposing? The U.S. Army is the ultimate extension of anti-sex, anti-life social organization—it destroys the fruit of woman, and it is also the largest homosexual organization in the United States. It takes all the creative energy away from life and redirects it into killing."

Conner made "Report" to rescue the reality of Kennedy's death—and life—from "all the social ritual and absurdity that went along with it." He originally planned to take live film of Kennedy's burial at a family gravesite reserved for his body at Brookline, Mass.; when the ceremony was moved to Washington, Conner tried unsuccessfully to get newreel footage from NBC. He ended up using stock home movie footage over a recorded sound track of newscasts of the motorcade, assassination and burial. The film moves back and forth through chronological time; Conner used the first eight minutes for such insistently repetitive scenes as a view of Jacqueline Kennedy reaching for an ambulance door, finding it locked, standing back, then reaching again. The assassination moves back to the motorcade, with lines like "the limousine of gun-metal gray" assuming a grim irony, "like the prelude to an epic poem," says Conner. The last few minutes of the film interweave footage of the burial with scenes of a matador, a stricken bull, a shattering light bulb, television commercials, and a secretary pushing a "Sell" button on an IBM calculator.

"The repetition is like the first three days after the assassination, when there was nothing to think about but the death of Kennedy," Conner said. "It's never been a good film—on purpose—up to the last five minutes. The art should not stand in the way of the realization of the death of the man."

Conner joined North American Ibis midway through last year, after the company had moved its light shows to the Avalon Ballroom. "The light show has fulfilled a multitude of

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needs creatively," he said. "You're creating the images at the same time they are consumed, which is an ideal situation. You're working together with a group. Most of the time, if not working in a strong way, we at least try to make it pretty."

In all his creative outlets, Conner has acquired some reputation as a self-publicist; he frequently turns out pairs of buttons, one reading "I am Bruce Conner," the other, "I Am Not Bruce Conner." Last year, he entered the sweepstake-sized election race for San Francisco supervisor, complete with "Super Conner" bumper stickers and a Voter's Pamphlet statement quoting a mystical passage from the New Testament; under "occupation," he listed "Nothing." He received 5,375 votes, "by second count."

Whatever Conner touches somehow turns out funny, profound, vitally alive and spectrally haunting, among other things. He has "always been involved in mysticism—Zen, alchemy, magic, all that stuff. After you're through it you realize there's plenty of Western mysticism; there's no reason to reject the Christian mysticism, except in rejecting the values of the elders."

In his desk, Conner has filed away his own typewritten concordat to the New Testament, filled mostly with passages like "the lilies of the field, how they grow." His art is like that, and usually sprouting just a little earlier than the rest of the field.

## COSMIC RAY

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## Ravi Shankar:

—Continued from Page 17

monic Hall there were two young boys, they were so stoned, they were LSD completely, they were just like zombies, they walked on the stage and they came straight and they sat on the dais before I entered and then the police had to take them and they were sent to Bellevue Hospital. It was fantastic, almost 50 to 60 percent of the whole auditorium was stoned, you know. Almost to that ratio. But I found a great difference this time — you find really, that's what I have been talking about, I want clear-headed, clean, physically clean and mentally clean people when they listen. Just as they would go to Bach or Beethoven, or any classical orchestra. They don't go like that. Why do they associate Indian music with that? It's so wrong absolutely. Here I've been trying to preach, and that's what I've been doing in my school in Los Angeles, that's what I tried to do in CCNY, and I think I have been quite successful in that, at least the group of people who have been hearing and talking about it to others. I think it will have very good effect, bring out the pure and clean side of our music and culture.

I was surprised to see a string break at your concert Saturday night. Is this an uncommon occurrence?

Well, it does happen once in a while, you know; the string that broke the other night at Philharmonic Hall was one of the sympathetic strings. It didn't bother me much. But sometimes the main strings also snap. It is one of those rare things. It can't be helped.

Who are some of your favorite Indian musicians?

Oh, well, this could run into pages. But among the singers my great fa-

vorites, among the living ones, are Amir Khan, Bade Ghulam, Ali Khan, Bhimsen Joshi, and others; in the South M. S. Subbulakshmi, and D. K. Pattamal; and among the instrumentalists, of course, the great Ali Akbar Khan, is one of my very favorite. He happens to be my brother-in-law and son of my guru, a great sarod player. I appreciate very much Vilayat Khan, the sitar player, and Bismillah Khan, the shehnai player; and among the tabla players, of course, Alla Rakha, Kishan Maharaja, and all these people.

When you record, are any of the ragas edited down for release or are they released as you played them?

Most of them are not. But at times, you know, I have helped; I am always there when it is edited. Like, suppose there is lot of tuning, which has to be done, and if the tabla has not started yet, it's very easy to eliminate a big length of tuning, and things like that.

For example, the record done at Monterey is unedited?

No, it has been edited a little here and there, just the tuning parts, and things like that. Otherwise it is not.

Have you ever played an electric guitar — for kicks?

No, but I have got an electric sitar which was given to me by a manufacturer about 8 or 10 years ago. A number of other electric sitars, you know, are manufactured by some Indians, and have been for many years. I've just played for fun.

Have you ever heard any non-Indian music played on the sitar in a way that you approve?

The question of "approving" doesn't come, as I said earlier, I don't care one way or the other, but I

have never heard any music, non-Indian music, played on sitar that has impressed me, let's put it. To be good enough, you know. I am not so orthodox or small minded — if something is done beautifully I will certainly appreciate it.

## Dylan Record Puts Beatles Up a Tree

The cover photograph of the new Bob Dylan record apparently contains a variety of small faces hidden in the trees and background foliage. The faces are very small and almost indistinguishable; however, learned observers say that at least four of them are the Beatles.

The most obvious group of faces becomes apparent when the cover is turned upside down; at the top of the tree, in the lighter area, are at least seven faces. By turning the cover in other directions, faces can be spotted near elbows, bushes and in the lining of coats.

John Berg, the photographer who took the picture, said that the original was made by a Polaroid camera because Dylan had asked for something that "looked like a snapshot." When asked about the hidden faces, Berg acknowledged their presence but was reluctant to talk about it.

"It's like Dylan; very mystical," Berg said. He also spoke about the "hand of God," which he said was nestling along the right-hand side of the tree. Berg did not wish to say much more; his implication was "Happy Hunting."

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## RECORDS:



Something Else, The Kinks (Rep-rise 6279)

This is the best album the Kinks have yet made, but, paradoxically, may be the last they will release in this country. This is particularly unfortunate, for it shows great improvement in the Kinks' music since *Face to Face* and wide possibilities for the future. And, for the first time, Dave Davies, Ray Davies' younger brother and lead guitarist, sings lead on his own compositions (which are, incidentally, brilliant). It would be a pity not to hear more of him.

"Death of a Clown," the first of Dave's three songs, is a melancholy, almost bitter, work of carnivals, death, drink, and other fun things. Dave is at his brutal and cynical best in "Love Me Till the Sun Shines," the opening track of side II, but is wickedly sly in "Funny Face." Such schizophrenia.

Ray Davies is, however, in no way slipping as a musician. His "David Watts," one of the finest tracks of the album, clearly shows this. It has an excellent vocal, fine, driving instrumentation, and some of the best lyrics Ray Davies has written. And it is pretty schizo, too. "Waterloo Sunset" could be a sequel to "David Watts" (they are the closing and opening tracks of the album, respectively); the narrator of "Waterloo Sunset" could be the worshipper of

David Watts after many years. He has mellowed and relaxed, no longer does he envy the world, instead he watches it and smiles inwardly.

"Harry Rag," "End of the Season," "Tin Soldier Man" are all excellent, and typically Kinky tracks featuring heaps of humor, cynicism, perception and irony. This is where the Kinks are best; they seem to know this and perform with enthusiasm. Some tracks ("No Return," "Lazy Old Sun"), however, don't seem to interest the Kinks; they sound bored and uninspired.

When they are doing their things, the Kinks are marvelous to listen to. The listener is amused and confused, enchanted and entertained, and always questioning. And *Something Else* is the Kinks at their questionable best, their thing.

JAMES POMEROY



Young Brigham, Jack Elliott (Rep-rise 6284)

Three years ago in Columbia, Mo., Jack Elliott said, "Here's a little song Bob Dylan wrote for me," and plunged into the sweetest rendition of "Don't Think Twice" I've ever heard. Whether he was kidding about Dylan's having written the song for him or not didn't matter, it sounded as if it was Jack's song alone, as if I'd never heard it before. I once heard Dylan say that he never intended the song to be a love ballad but rather a light, sweet and sour comment on the fortunes of love. Elliott takes it even further, gives it a new expression and comes out

sounding almost happy that his reflections are real and not melancholy.

But "Don't Think Twice" isn't the only song with a change of face on Ramblin' Jack Elliott's latest album, *Young Brigham*.

"Connection," for all the people who've looked at the back of the jacket and said "it couldn't be!" is the most startling piece of country-rock ever laid down. I hope Mick Jagger and Keith Richards have heard this because it'll never be the same again. When Jack sings, "and all I want to do-oo-oooh, is to get back to yoo-oo-oooh," it sounds as if he's caught his leg in a bear trap and is struggling to get free. On this version of "Connection," Ramblin' Jack has sewn buttons of a different color on the Stones' composition.

"If I Were a Carpenter" is sung without the terseness of Tim Hardin's lyric but with infinitely more tenderness. Elliott's "mill wheel grinding" really grinds, his "loneliness" is a howl in the distance. On "Talking Fisherman" Elliott transplants "Talking World War III" to the local fishing hole. "Forget all about it" croons Jack of the world's troubles. Richard Green's strong fiddle accompaniment on "Tennessee Stud" provides the perfect complement to Ramblin' Jack's guitar in this barn dance story of a cowboy's adventures with his Tennessee stallion evading Indians, irate gamblers and more in the finest country yarn tradition.

Prior to the "Night Herding Song" Jack favors his listeners with his favorite imitation (over two minutes long) of a caterpillar tractor. If nothing else, it's certainly a good imitation of a caterpillar tractor. The song is unaccompanied and sounds so much like Almeda Riddle or Maybelle Carter that it's hard for me to believe that Jack Elliott was really born in Brooklyn. "Rock Island Line," the old Leadbelly tune, is given the Elliott treatment and sounds as good as ever.

"Danville Girl" is Elliott at his most relaxed moment. It's a pleasant country song that sounds as if it were composed on Woody Guthrie's back porch. On "912 Greens," an address, Jack tells us, of a friend's place in New Orleans, he tells a melancholy story of some good times he had back

"many years ago" in Louisiana with a three-legged cat, a banana tree and a nude girl dancing in the rain.

Having been a good friend of Woody Guthrie's, it's no surprise that after Woody's death Jack would include a song of his. He ends the album with "Goodnight Little Arlo," a community-sing bedtime song that Woody used to sing to his sons, Arlo and Jody. It is preceded by a personal message from Jack to Arlo, telling him to "get some sleep," and that by looking at the cover photo of Arlo's album, Jack opines, "It looks like you been burnin' the candle at both ends."

BARRY GIFFORD



Lofty Fake Anagram The Gary Burton Quartet (RCA LSP-3901)

The musicianship here is of a very high level—as as one would expect from Burton on vibes, Larry Coryell, the ex-Free Spirits guitarist, and Steve Swallow, a young master of the bass—yet the record as a whole is something less than the sum of its parts. Much of the difficulty can be traced to the recording. Just whose idea it was, the leader's, the producers', or the engineer's, I don't know, but Coryell is consistently under-recorded and relegated to the background of the mix. Since the sound of the vibes is not the world's most varied to begin with, and since the instrumental voicing on most of the tracks is not startling, this produces an overall sameness of tone that is only occasionally relieved by a particularly well-played passage.

Duke Ellington's "Fleur-de-Afri-

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caine" on Side 1 is an exception. The rhythmic suppleness written into the piece is accentuated by drummer Bobby Moses' cymbal-work which provides a base for shimmering, almost Oriental entrances by the lead instruments. And Steve Swallow's composition "General Mojo Cuts Up," which closes the album, gives the only taste of the Free Jazz-rock blend associated with this group and especially with Coryell, who plays like a new man on this track and at last exploits some of the electronic possibilities of his guitar.

Several of the other tunes ("Feelings and Things," a ballad, "Lines" and "The Beach," both written by Burton, and Paul Bley's "Mother of the Dead Men") feature duets between vibes and guitar, but because of the technical difficulty already discussed it is always Gary who dominates, even though the instruments have equal musical weights. On "Mother" the duet does finally gell and the resulting counterpoint is a beautiful thing to listen to. They try for the same effect on "Lines" but end up by sounding rather baroque.

Mention should be made of Swallow's string bass virtuosity. His section work and solos demonstrate that the instrument has peculiar virtues of its own that the Fender bass can't duplicate, most notably a true resonance in the lowest notes. Listen especially to "Good Citizen Swallow," where Steve has a chance to stretch out.

Considering that it was cut very soon after Coryell had joined the group, this is a solid, if quiet, effort, and its flaws shouldn't prove very difficult to correct. The record does have its moments, moments which remind us that the Gary Burton Quartet is a group with unique potentialities for creating its own, excellent brand of music.

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The Songs of Leonard Cohen, Leonard Cohen (Columbia CS 9533)

There are, in *The Favorite Game*, Leonard Cohen's first novel, several scenes in which people ask the hero (presumably Cohen, since everything else fits) to sing. A friend of mine read the book and finished with one question: if the guy was Leonard Cohen, why did they keep asking him to sing? I think that is untrue—the more I listen to this LP the more I like his voice. It is a strange voice—he hits every note, but between each note he recedes to an atonal place—his songs are thus given a sorely needed additional rhythm.

The record as a whole is another matter—I don't think I could ever tolerate all of it. There are three brilliant songs, one good one, three qualified bummers, and three are the flaming shits.

The problem is that, whether the man is a poet or not (and he is a brilliant poet), as those ridiculous ads announce in hushed tones of reverence, he is not necessarily a songwriter; his three successes ("Suzanne," "The Master Song," and "The Stranger Song") are stories, ballads whose progression of meaning becomes more important to Cohen than his poetic bag of tricks. Elsewhere, this kind of delicacy, put to the rigid demands of music, sinks into doggerel: "I lit a thin green candle/To make you jealous of me/But the room just filled up with mosquitoes/They heard that my body was free."

Worse, in the same song, "One of Us Cannot Be Wrong" (only forgiv-

able if a parody of Dylan, and then questionable) Cohen does what has become reputable for the songwriter aspiring to poetry; he has confused the marijuana or fatigue silly high with the insight of poetry (one can blow one's mind promiscuously): "Then I took the dust of a long sleepless night/And I put it in your little shoe/Then I confess that I tortured the dress/That you wore for the world to look through." Then there is the standard Dylan trick of reversed images ("smoked my eyelids and punched my cigarette"): "I showed my heart to the doctor/He said I'd just have to quit/Then he wrote himself a prescription/And your name was mentioned in it." The poet-become-songwriter runs the risk of imprisonment in his new discipline, because he does not come to it naturally.

The arrangements are beyond even sympathy; a fact I take Cohen to recognize in his notes to the album: "... they were forbidden to marry. Nevertheless, the arrangements wished to throw a party. The songs preferred to retreat behind a veil of satire." Would that it were that easy. In "Marianne," the lyrics of which are reasonably unpretentious, there is a chorus, the musical ancestors of which are the Hi-Los. In "Teachers" there is a hard guitar sound, ridiculously inappropriate, copped, if I remember correctly, from Marty Robbins' "El Paso," a better song. On the last song ("One of Us Cannot Be Wrong") the arrangement fades into a hilarious cacophony—but the Beach Boys did this kind of thing better in *Smiley Smile* (and they aren't even poets). If this is satire, it is satire after the fact. In back of most of the songs is an indistinguishable Muzak hum.

But three songs make the LP worthy of purchase (unless one is interested in culture heroes, like Janis Ian, in which case the other songs are infinitely more valuable).

"Suzanne" is a song of distance; doggerel exists when there is no place to go: this song goes into a center and out again, resting, finally, closer to the center than it began. Cohen, with the second person, is telling you how you (he) feels. Further distance.

"The Master Song" is ambiguous—but the art of its ambiguity does not interfere with its ability to move. There is, in Cohen's novel, and in places on this LP, a kind of faith in the regenerative power of degeneration, of sadness, perhaps even of evil. The song works also—I don't know whether this is the intention—as a song for two of the characters of *Beautiful Losers*, Cohen's second novel.

"The Stranger Song" is perhaps the best. Cohen the aphorist here realizes that aphorism is more insight than surprise. The simplicity of the imagery does not interfere with the feelings of the characters nor the situation, nor does the images crowd the loneliness. Here is perhaps the most moving statement Cohen can make: "And he wants to trade the game he plays for shelter/And he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter."

ARTHUR SCHMIDT

## HELP!!

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Mass in F Minor The Electric Prunes (Reprise 6275)

The whole idea of doing a rock mass is slightly cockeyed—it would have to be the product of a mind well-seasoned in the pretensions of Stan Kenton (jazz's resident Wagnerian) or Don Ellis. In any case the plague is upon us, and the unfortunate perpetrators of this assault on the ears are the Electric Prunes, a rather unexceptional group, to say the least. Dave Hassinger's production of "I Had Too Much to Dream" made that record a minor classic, but the Prunes cannot sustain much excitement left to their own devices. The *Mass in F Minor* itself is the concoction of David Axelrod; to most fully capture the "contemporary sound" the words of the mass are faithfully rendered not in that dead language English, but rather in living Latin, making this not only the first rock mass, but also the first Latin-rock since Billie and Lillie (a different kind of Latin?). The Latin sounds impressive, however.

There is actually little vocal work, which turns out to be a fortunate development. Whenever the Prunes sing, a falsetto-tinged, off-tune, weak-voiced, entirely repugnant howl emanates from the group; it's sort of like having tone-deaf monks singing Gregorian chant. The instrumental work of the rest of the album is in an uncontrolled feedback bag, which means that after a tranquil "Holy, holy, holy," Jimi Hendrix on a bad night comes bombing into the silence: such vaudevillian aspects of the record almost make it worth owning as an unintended joke. There are French horns and violins on some tracks, but the ubiquitous fuzztone tends to drown out and disrupt the orchestral religious celebration. The overwhelming drivel that comes out of studio groups like the Prunes is truly astonishing at times.

JIM MILLER



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## Confessions of The Charlatans

—Continued from Page 4 as an individual. It just becomes more complex.

So the Charlatans are still waiting for success. Not entirely passively, however; a month ago they took on a manager for the first time, and Hunter refers to some secret "plan of how we're going to attack the market."

But waiting for the Charlatans to find success might be like waiting for Helen Trent to find happiness. "You know the terms 'hard luck guys' or 'born losers,'" says one rock old timer. "The Charlatans might just be that."

They haven't changed. They still live in or near the Haight, the music

is still the same lonely, funky, good-time stuff, and they're still on the Victorian trip. Whenever they play, early hippies come out of hiding to dig them nostalgically and dance.

It isn't all apple pie waiting for success, according to Hunter. "It's not as if everyone in the group had other scenes going. We haven't. But," he added in a bemused fashion, "it isn't that simple. Look at this apartment," pointing to the calm clutter of posters, lamps, photographs, plants, bottles, letters, one chair, and a piano in his Clayton St. living room, "and you know it isn't simple. We'd just as soon let the big rush of everyone signing contracts and making it happen before we step in. We remember that before you get into a scene, you have to anticipate how much you'll like it when you get there. So when we do it, it'll have to be done right."

## Albert King's Down Home Blues

—Continued from Page 6 Bluesbreakers and the "total performance" of Hendrix with its reliance on extra-musical elements to achieve its effect was instructive. The least contrived, certainly the most "old-fashioned" of the three, Albert King was nonetheless the only consummate artist among them, the only one who could play on the full emotional range of his audience with as much facility as he used to sustain a note on his guitar.

King does not feel himself in competition with these groups, still less so with other blues singers. As for other performers: "Wilson Pickett and Aretha Franklin are rock and roll... the steady beat. They call it soul music, but soul is something everybody has, only they don't know how much they've got." He admires the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, "they stick with the changes, they play the tune all the way out, play everything that's in it," and at one time included "Daytripper" in his band's book. But Albert also thinks that audiences are tiring of straight rock and roll. "They're looking for something that doesn't have that same beat," he said, "only they're not quite ready for the blues—you gotta ease 'em into it. First they'll go back to rhythm and blues, and I wouldn't be surprised, I've already heard it some records, if there's a return to big band arrangements on all kinds of songs, including ballads."

He has plans himself for recording some ballads if he can find the right material ("as good as 'Stardust' but modern") and using expanded backings on future sides. But whatever Albert King records, like Count Basie and Ray Charles before him, is very likely to come out sounding like the blues.



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## MAHARISHI MEETS THE PRESS: HE'S AYN RAND WITH A BEARD

—Continued from Page 8 harishi's future plans included a tour of the major colleges in America with the Beach Boys.

"Are you serious?" several people asked simultaneously.

"With the Beach Boys," the gentleman repeated. "They're meditating."

A lady reporter folded her notebook and climbed down from a chair. "At least it's not the Doors," she said.

Next day the New York Post ran a snippy story which called the Maharishi "the world's wealthiest guru," and the *Village Voice* asked, "can an honest man still be a fraud?" They answered their own question with a qualified yes. The *East Village Other* put the Sage in a green box on their cover and labeled it "Instant God," and ran a nasty (but highly accurate) parody of the press conference inside.

The problem was one of categories. Holy men eat locusts. Holy men don't have press agents. They certainly don't stay at the Plaza. A lot of people who were ready for the Maharishi's "technique" of meditation were put off by exposure to the prophet in person, especially the liberal New York press establishment. How could he be a genuine holy man if he wasn't indignant about Vietnam and gave the poverty problem a qualified ho-hum?

Would Christ have gone on the *Tonight* show? No way of knowing for sure, but the question has interesting possibilities.

Carson: This Brotherly Love you preach, can anyone do it?

Christ: Anyone with a will to try.

Carson: How 'bout the boys in the band? (Laughter)

Christ (unruffled): Even they.

Voice from Audience: There's going to be a demonstration...

Outside Madison Square Garden on Sunday afternoon a well-scrubbed contingent of custom-tailored hippies mingled with a crowd of obvious fat cats from Westchester. Top ticket

price was \$10.00 and ranged down to \$3.00, an issue which had been raised at the press conference on Friday when the Maharishi had evaded the question of whether poor people would be let in free.

The demonstration turned out to be a lone malcontent who paced back and forth distributing anti-Maharishi handouts which railed (intriguingly) against "capitalistic little devils who hide within the holy man's robes."

Inside, the Sage went through his routine for the photographers and got a warm hand by referring to America as the most forward-looking country in the world today. As he talked he smashed a long-stemmed yellow rose to shreds, slapping at it for emphasis the way Julia Child does lamb chops.

Latecomers hurried past the one-man picket line, grabbing programs from boys who wore orange hats advertising Madison Square Garden as the "Home of Holiday on Ice," and passing up yoga literature at fifty cents a pamphlet.

"Read about the holy man who lives at the Plaza," the picket line shouted. Then he paused to watch the last of the audience disappear into the Garden. "I can't go inside because I spent all my money getting these printed," he said putting a rubber band around his leftover handbills. "But I reached nearly 300 people already this afternoon. And NBC news was here earlier. That assures me an audience of millions more. These days it's all a matter of who has access to the media."

"When I left home at the age of sixteen and a half, my mother, outraged, warned me that I wouldn't get a home cooked meal for a 'terrible long time.' And she was right, of course. A mother's curse. I eat at the Minimum Daily Requirement at least once a day."—Stephen Schneck  
**Minimum Daily Requirement,  
348 Columbus at Grant,  
San Francisco**

## Rolling Stone Photographs

Many of the photographs seen in this and earlier issues of Rolling Stone are available in high quality double weight prints. In this and previous issues, all the photographs identified by "Baron Wolman" can be purchased as original prints.

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## Musicians' Free Classified

Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad.) Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

DRUMMER, 23, strongest in R&B, Free Rock, some jazz, wants to join tight, practicing band. Commercial gigs o.k. Write or see Ted K., 630 Laguna St., S.F. 94102.

FOLKSINGER, guitarist, writer 18 yrs., seeks girl or guy with good voice to form folk duo. Allen Castro, 632-9586 in Oakland.

ORGANIST wants to join or form working rock or lounge group. Groups or musicians call 366-2337, Redwood City, after 5. Don.

GIRL LEAD singer, 18, with strong low voice is looking for a group. Call Sandie. 841-6313 ext. 603 Freeborn. Berkeley.

BASS PLAYER, doubles guitar, lots of experience with East and West Coast bands, draft exempt. Call Gary Westhoff 383-0159 days, or 921-0636 nights.

GOOD DRUMMER needed for "rich and famous" underground band. Blues-rock-jazz background. Must dig electronic music. Call Anonymous Artists of America, 897-4576.

SINGER/COMPOSER, tenor sax, flute, harp, electric piano—own equipment. Also play bass, rhythm guitar but no equipment. Blues, R&B background. Want to play cookin', up-to-date tasty rock. Don, San Jose. 408-374-0759.

YOUNG GROUP, all approx. 15, want to tour this summer with same from S.F. We're trying harder. Write The Peace Officers, c/o M. Portnoy, 501-C S. Shelton, Burbank, Calif. 91506.

ELECTRIC BLUES lead guitarist, forced to sell amp to pay rent, needs incipient blues or R&R band to plug into and groove with. Phone Bill 848-9223, 8-8:30 a.m., Berkeley.



# THE GREAT POSTER TRIP: ART EUREKA

*The Great Poster Trip: Art Eureka* is the best book that will ever be done on the posters of San Francisco. All of the artists and photographers from the famous—Wes Wilson, Stanley Mouse, Kelly, Rick Griffin—to the not so famous are represented in this collection. *The Great Poster Trip* has the very first of the posters—the Charlatans at the Red Dog Saloon in Virginia City—and the early Family Dog series through the later and more diverse efforts. There are a total of 201 poster reproductions. 28 of them are in color, reproduced from the original color separations.

The volume has just been published by *Communication Arts Magazine*, a quality trade journal for art directors, and the printing process reflects all the care and engraving mastery of that publication. The paper bound edition (8½" x 11") is printed on seventy pound book stock, sewn in signatures of sixteen pages and retails for \$3.00.

With a subscription to *Rolling Stone*, we are offering *The Great Poster Trip* for \$1.00. It will not be available in bookstores for another month. The book is a beautiful collection, full of the memorable posters and presented like a collection of Picasso prints. We think you'll really dig it.



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